HARPER'S WEEKLY

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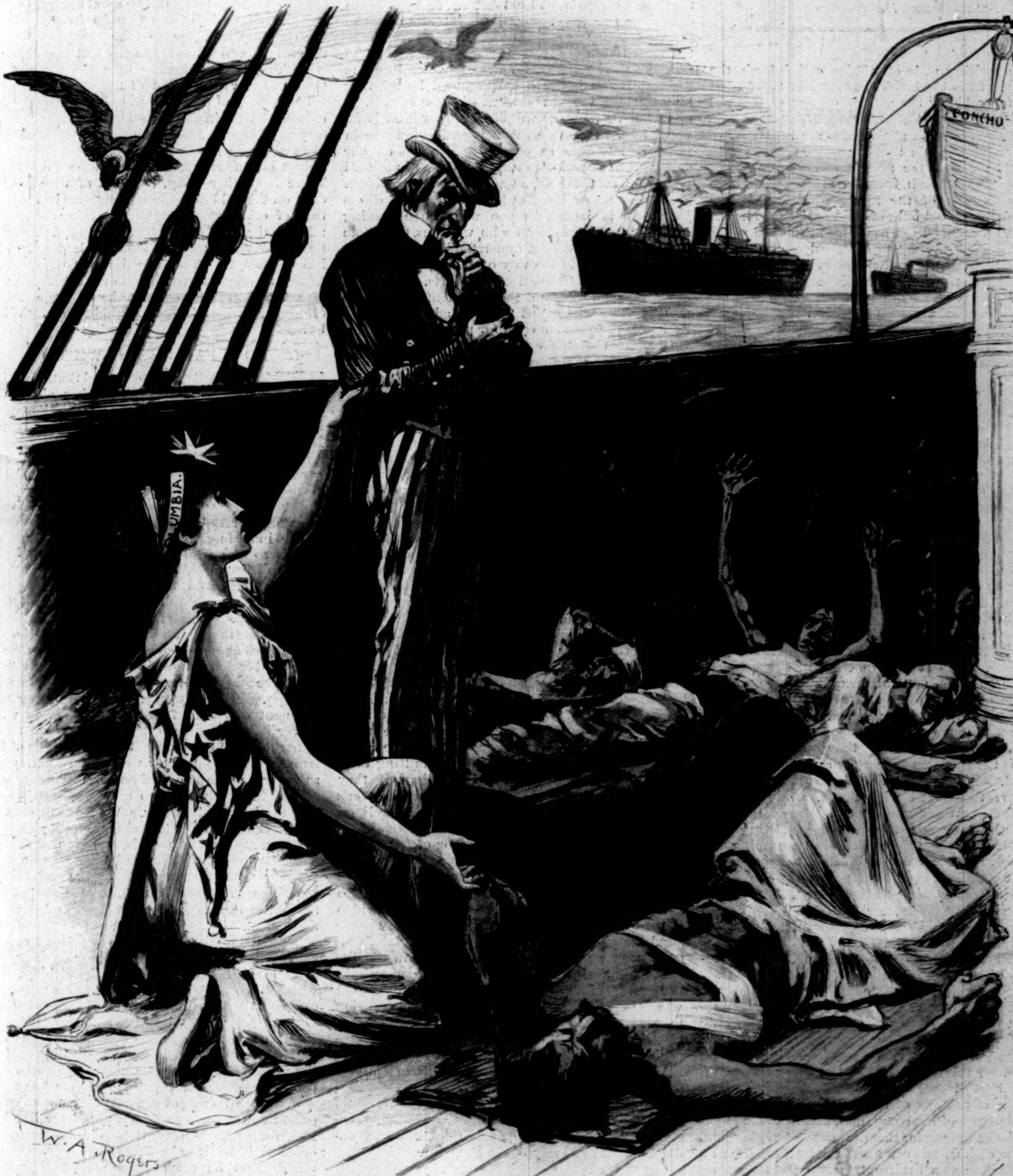

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

COLUMBIA TO UNCLE SAM: "THE GOVERNMENT MUST FIX THE RESPONSIBILITY, OR THE COUNTRY WILL."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

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This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

AN appalling state of affairs called forth the letter from Colonel **THEODORE ROOSEVELT** and the round robin of the general officers of General **SHAFTER**'s army. Colonel **ROOSEVELT** says that the officers and men at Santiago are in danger of dying "like sheep"; that if the men are kept in Cuba "over half the army" will die. "This," he adds, "means ruin, from the stand-point of military efficiency, of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here." He also says, "Not ten per cent. are fit for active work," and he writes "to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved." This is a terrible revelation, and an arraignment of the War Department the force of which Mr. **ALGER** will not succeed in breaking by printing a private letter which Colonel **ROOSEVELT** naturally supposed he was writing to a gentleman, and by reproving **ROOSEVELT**'s pardonable enthusiasm for his own command. Mr. **ALGER** must remedy the wrong which has evidently resulted from his indifference to the needs of the brave men whose courage alone saved the honor of the nation, or he and his memory will be execrated by his countrymen to the end of time. Moreover, the President himself is in danger; and if he continues to stand by his Secretary of War, after the latter's carelessness and incompetence have been proved, he will have to share the odium. The round robin signed by the general officers of the regular army is an extraordinary document. Soldiers such as these men have shown themselves to be do not engage in such a movement unless they are driven to the verge of desperation. They say that "the army is disabled by malarial fever to the extent that its efficiency is destroyed, and that it is in a condition to be practically destroyed by an epidemic of yellow fever, which is sure to come in the near future." They add: "This army must be moved at once or perish. As this army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousands of lives." Here is the situation succinctly and vigorously expressed. The soldiers that have fought our battles are threatened with death, while the authorities at Washington are contemplating the use of the transports in which the suffering men might be carried to Montauk Point for taking unneeded volunteer soldiers to Puerto Rico purely for the gratification of local pride. The War Department must bring General **SHAFTER**'s army home at once, and this can be done if it will display the energy which marked the preparation for the expedition. For every death resulting from unnecessary detention of the army in Cuba the Secretary of War is responsible.

MR. E. T. **HOOLEY** has failed as a company-promoter, but he has succeeded splendidly in shocking the British public into one of those fits of moral indignation whose periodic recurrence it regards as the proper thing. This time the shock is felt in a tender spot—respect for the peerage. Mr. **HOOLEY** saw the advantage of titled dignitaries as officers and directors of his companies, and in order to get them he had to pay for them. It was a costly bargain, and the cash details came out during Mr. **HOOLEY**'s examination as a bankrupt. Lord **DELAWARR** received $125,000; Lord **ALBEMARLE**, $62,500; Lord **WINCHILSEA**, $50,000; and other noblemen were paid smaller sums, the total expenditure amounting to more than half a million dollars. The disclosures will certainly not tend to strengthen British belief in the nobility as in any special sense the depository of honor, though cooler heads will reflect that such purchasable persons as **DELAWARR** and the rest are very poor representatives of the British peerage. An example of more shameless venality—in fact, of downright rascality—was given not long ago in the case of **JABEZ BALFOUR**, a middle-class company-promoter, and supposedly pious Non-conformist, who looked upon fashionable life as born of Satan, but who used his unctuous reputation to cheat the confiding poor without stint. The incident only confirms the familiar truth that roguery of this sort is found among all classes; but *noblesse oblige* will soon become an obsolete phrase if the **HOOLEYS** and their kind are able to continue such work. It should be added that one of the implicated peers has since denied that the money received was for influence, and asserts that it was for services rendered.

THE terms proposed by the President as a basis for peace negotiations are hard, but not harder than were to have been expected. The question of the Philippines has been left open, and we think this an error, at least in this, that the President should have renounced any intention to take the islands for the United States, holding them temporarily merely with a view of protecting the rights of their people. So far as our own interests are concerned, they will be promoted by refusing to undertake the government of these islands, or of Luzon or of Manila alone. Annexation is favored by a few persons who regard commerce in sugar and tobacco as possessing a claim on our government superior to considerations of national honor or to those of our republican tradition. Some men whose imagination is warm and whose judgment is inactive agree with these trading souls. There are others who want us to imitate Europe, but who do not understand precisely what Europe is doing in the way of colonizing, or what it is suffering by reason of its efforts. These are our annexationists, and the President would have done well to disappoint them in advance. Now he leaves the question open for politics; and while we believe that the expansionists will be beaten by the people, if we are to have a fair discussion, no one can predict wisdom on the part of the Senate. It is significant that the Indiana Republicans at their State convention last week did not demand territorial expansion. Spain is evidently ready to take our terms, whatever they are, because she must, and peace is assured. But peace may bring us heavier burdens than war, if we are unjust and ungenerous, or too greedy for our own welfare.

THERE is a growing instead of a decreasing or even halting interest in favor of a good and friendly understanding between Great Britain and the United States. In a large way this is as it should be, for not only are the interests of the two peoples much the same, notwithstanding their diametrically opposite commercial policies, but, what is greater still, their conception of the rights of the individual and of his liberty is the same. By all means the two nations should be friends, and the best way to promote such a friendship is to adopt a general policy of arbitration. It would do more for the advancement of Christianity in the world if Americans and Englishmen should agree never to fight each other without first submitting their difference to peaceful arbitration, than if they should agree to fight together against each other's enemies. The latter agreement may be well on occasion, but the first is good and wholesome all the time. We are now in a fervor of friendship, and so are the Englishmen. It is a time when we need to recover command of ourselves. It must be borne in mind that the English have a foreign policy which must be carried through, and which ought to be carried through with a much stronger hand than Lord **SALISBURY**'s. It is England's interest that we should acquire territory in the Pacific, because then we would probably have to fight her cause in China. Shall we take the Philippines, where expenses are bound to be out of proportion to revenue, and which will continue to be the home of alien and largely of savage peoples, in order that we may protect England in China against Russia and France and Germany? No English friend of ours thinks we ought. Many English friends of ours think that England herself would be better off if Russia or France or Germany, instead of the Chinese, controlled the lands now under the nominal sway of the Emperor.

WHO is responsible for the medical and sanitary conditions prevailing at Santiago de Cuba? The stories that come to us from the field of battle and from the transports coming North with the sick men of the army are heart-rending. We know that the lack of medical appliances, of medicines, of ordinary comforts, of doctors and nurses, was criminal. We know that if it had not been for the Red Cross Society, conditions would have been more murderous than they actually have been. But who is responsible? Whoever it may be, the severest punishment will be mild compared with the wrong which he has inflicted on our soldiers. At the very outset of the expedition from Tampa the wrong began. Whether sufficient medical supplies for the army were taken or not, not nearly enough reached the front. We are told that a sufficient supply was forwarded, and that a sufficient supply of good and nourishing food, including canned soups and fresh meat, was actually shipped on the transports to Santiago, but we know that the soldiers never had them. Who is to blame for this? Who is to blame for leaving needed supplies behind at Tampa? Who is to blame for not giving the soldiers what was actually on the transports at Siboney? Is it the Surgeon-General, or the Quartermaster-General, or the Commissary-General, or is it General **SHAFTER**? Who is responsible for the horrors of the transports that have brought back the stricken soldiers? Did General **SHAFTER** really forbid the captain of the *Concho* from getting a fresh supply of water to take the place of that which had been in his ship since last May? There is nothing more sickening than the story of the *Concho*, except it be that of the other transports. It is the story of men sick with fever, crowded into noisome holes, drinking foul water, without necessary medicines. And these sick men are the soldiers who have fought our battle, the soldiers of the richest and most resourceful nation of the world. There is another story, too, that of wounded soldiers on the field of battle without surgical aid, and that of other wounded men walking miles and miles to the rear for doctors and hospital, some of them surviving, and all of them displaying the heroism of martyrs. The campaign of Santiago illustrated the magnificent virtues of the American soldier, but it gave an opportunity to some careless criminal, to whom justice should be done. Who is he?

HOW FAR SHALL WE GO?

THE foreign policy of the United States has been changed. Our government has already become a colonial power by the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, it is doomed to acquire Puerto Rico, and to hold Cuba for some time to come, and the question is whether it shall go on in its career; whether, to use the modern phrase, it shall become a "world power"—in other words, whether it shall imitate absolute powers like Russia and Germany, or that curious democracy of France, which, in its foreign policy and in its military system, is so much like an absolute power as to be hardly distinguishable from its neighbors. There is, be it understood, no disposition on the part of our politicians to follow the example of Great Britain in establishing free democracies in the temperate countries of the world. So far as the colonial experiences and policy of England furnish any precedent for the course in which we have entered, it is to be found in her rule of India and the crown colonies. In other words, we are beginning an experiment which has failed whenever or by whomsoever it has been undertaken. It is not true, of course, that we are to repeat the experience of England in this country, for we are not to attempt to rule our own people without their consent, or to monopolize their trade to our own expected gain and to their certain loss. We have undertaken the government of distant and alien peoples, whose customs, manners, morals, religion, habits of thought, are utterly different from our own. In undertaking similar experiments, the nations of Europe, including Great Britain, have succeeded in establishing expensive military posts and naval stations. Spain's experiment is at an end, and we are picking it up where she was compelled to drop it, having abundantly proved her wretched incapacity. That we shall give to all the old Spanish dominions which have come within our power a better government than Spain has given them goes without saying. It is impossible for an American to be so cruel and so oppressive as Spanish officials habitually are, and it would be equally impossible for the most dishonest of our politicians to be so rapacious as Spanish captain-generals have been. American government can never become so corrupt or so indifferent as to turn a plunderer like **WEYLER**, for example, into rich colonial pastures in order that he may satiate his ambition on the money that he may extort and steal from the subjects of his country. But we must nevertheless expect to be disgraced abroad by the politicians who will seek and obtain colonial offices, just as we are shamed by them at home—at least until, in the remote future, Congress shall yield to a public clamor that is sure to become violent before it attains its object, and shall establish a colonial service offering rewards to able and honorable men.

We are no longer at the parting of the ways.

We have chosen our path, and we have only to decide how far we shall walk in it. We must govern Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and we must hold Cuba until its people establish a stable government. Shall we go on acquiring, or shall we stop with what we have until Congress has shown its capacity for colonial government—at least until it has established a system and enacted necessary laws? Our experience with Congressional government of the Territories and of Alaska does not encourage us to believe that this new experiment will be a brilliant political success, at least until we become more careful in our selection of Congressmen. Alaska, it must be remembered, was purchased more than thirty years ago. The power of Congress to govern it has never been questioned. Some of the newspapers have recently been expressing wonder and surprise at a decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in California, in which is set forth the liberal power of Congress over territories belonging to the United States. But the decision is merely a restatement of decisions of the Supreme Court, several of them as early as the chief-justiceship of MARSHALL. The truth is that the power of Congress over territory outside of the States is practically unlimited; but, so far as Alaska is concerned, it has been exercised so unintelligently and with such lack of diligence and interest that Alaska is still almost without government. The explanation of this is, of course, that Congressmen are too much devoted to the material and pecuniary interests of their districts and of influential private citizens to care for law and justice generally. If there is money for any one in proposed legislation for a distant colony, we may expect the enactment of a law; if the proposed legislation merely contemplates the welfare of the colonists, the establishment of a just and equitable rule over the subjects of the republic, we may expect to wait for many years before Congress will become sufficiently interested to consider the measure seriously and to establish the law. And even then the *personnel* of Congress must be greatly improved if our subjects are to have a competent and wise body of laws. At least our experience with Congress justifies us in expecting a halting, feeble, incomplete, and inefficient government of our colonies. The improvement that will take place in the government of Puerto Rico and of Cuba will be due to the superior character of the administration which the Spanish-ridden people will enjoy.

We start out in our colonizing career absolutely without experience, without a system, without the machinery necessary for colonial government, and with a Congress and under a condition of politics which suggest grave doubts of our ability to govern wisely. Already we are catching a glimpse of the future through Hawaii. The Americans who live there, many of whom were born there, are competent to carry on the government of the islands. However much we may dislike the manner in which Mr. DOLE came to the Presidency of the so-called republic, he is evidently a competent man, and he enjoys the confidence of the minority which has dominated the islands. But the moment annexation was assured, Mr. DOLE seems to have been dropped as a possible head of the local government, and politicians, notably Mr. HAROLD SEWELL, of Maine, began to pull wires for the first governorship. In other words, we are apparently about to apply the worst features of our politics to these distant lands, and the natives and residents of them are about to become dependent upon Congress for law and justice. In view of the history of the past, have we not enough material for the new experiment? Before taking on other territory, ought we not to insist that Congress shall learn its task of colonial government with what we already have on hand? Many years are to pass before that task is to be properly learned; much bitterness of conflict and vast expense are to be endured by our patient people before we shall be proud of our colonial governments. So much trouble is to be ours, we fear, that it is a matter for sincere rejoicing that we have for contemplation and remembrance the splendid examples of the essential virtues of American manhood given by the army and navy at the threshold of the test to which the American politician is to be put.

There are other considerations which may well give us pause. The question of expansion is no longer one of principle with us; it has become practical. Will it pay this country to take the Philippines, for example? We think not. Indeed, it is clear that many years must elapse before any of our colonies will begin to pay. We are in the position of one who has purchased a landed estate which must be developed before it will begin to make return of revenues. We must at once greatly increase our army and navy for the defence of the territories which we already possess. The necessary annual expenditures for our army are now in the neighborhood of $25,000,000. This does not take into account the cost of new fortifications. Our new acquisitions necessitate an expenditure for the army of at least $60,000,000 a year. If we take the Philippines, we shall be compelled, according to Admiral DEWEY'S estimate, to maintain a large force for their defence against the natives. Most of the islands really govern themselves. Their people are savages, who have never heard of Spain, much less of the United States. We should probably leave them in their present condition, undertaking only the government of Luzon and a few of the larger islands. But we would have to hold our possessions by force of arms. Are we willing to expend from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year for soldiers for the Philippines alone? Then we have the navy to consider. Not counting the cost of new ships, the maintenance of the navy costs the country about $20,000,000 a year. We shall be obliged to add, say, $10,000,000 to this for the defence of our new outposts. If we take the Philippines, our naval expenditure must be doubled. In other words, to the ordinary yearly expenses of the army and navy we have already added $45,000,000 at least; and the question is whether, for the sake of holding three or four of the Philippine Islands, governing an unwilling people, we shall take upon ourselves, in addition to our present expenditure, an annual burden of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, besides an annual expenditure of from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 for an indefinite number of years for the construction of new ships and new forts.

These are questions to be considered gravely and thoughtfully before we take on more territory than we have now acquired. For ourselves we believe that, so far from being of value to us, the Philippines will be a constant source of trouble, a constant threat of war—of war from which we will derive nothing that we cannot have now without war by the simple process of keeping on good terms with the powers among whom China is to be ultimately divided. But, moral and remote causes aside, ought we not, in common prudence, to refuse to undertake the government of the Philippines at a cost entirely out of proportion to their full value; and ought we not to be content with our present possessions until we learn how Congress is to carry on its task in Hawaii and Puerto Rico?

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

NOBODY will dispute that the Germans have a right to be proud of BISMARCK. He was so typical a German, and he avoided so many of the defects that commonly go with the German qualities. He was under no illusions, sentimental or otherwise, about the world he lived in. He knew the levers that move men, and he knew how to operate them. His direct, practical businesslike methods were rather English than German. Not since FREDERICK the Great has there appeared a German in high place who showed so perfect an adaptation of means to ends.

But it is necessary, in appraising his achievements, to consider the ends for which he wrought. To admire a display of force, as such and unreservedly, is to fall into a dangerous state of mind. BISMARCK-worship is such an unreserved admiration, just as NAPOLEON-worship was. We are at a distance from NAPOLEON, which enables us to appraise exactly his achievements. We see that "they have become void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level." Will it be different with those of the only other man of the nineteenth century who is worthy to be named with him as an example of sheer personal force?

Nobody has thought or will think of praising BISMARCK as a friend of humanity. He himself would have been the first to reject such a pretension. The epitaph he composed for his own tombstone shows in what light his life appeared to himself. He was a "faithful German." That he was a patriotic German, according to his lights, cannot be doubted. His life-long desire was that his Prussia should be aggrandized, and the great work of his life was the bringing of all Protestant Germany, including even some states which are not nominally Protestant, into one powerful confederation under the primacy of Prussia. His efforts were crowned with a great success. United Germany is his work. He was the only man who can be said to have been indispensable to its accomplishment. Even now, looking back over a generation, it is hard to see how the union could have been brought about if BISMARCK had not been. The dreams of the "ideologists" could not have been realized without this "business man." From his own point of view his success was unmixed. He found his country not higher than fifth in the list of European powers. It would be hard to find a "good German" who would admit that he has left her even the second.

This was not a success that came of any of the modern political forces that have come into the world. It was not the result of free discussion or of constitutional government. It was a success of "blood and iron." It was a success of diplomacy, too, in the Bismarckian sense. No statesman ever knew better how and when to appeal to the interests or even the sentiments of others, nor, when it suited him, to manage their susceptibilities. But in the last analysis German unity was achieved under BISMARCK by the same means by which the Prussian monarchy was built up under FREDERICK, by having not only the best-disciplined army, but the best-disciplined nation in Europe. The scattered principalities were welded into one powerful empire by the same means by which the great empires of history were established.

It was not to be supposed that a statesman whose method had achieved such a success would abandon it when the success had been achieved. And, in fact, the German Empire under BISMARCK followed the traditions of the Prussian monarchy. He could skilfully cajole the leaders of parliamentary opposition. But in the last resort he governed by force, which it never became necessary for him actually to use. The knowledge that he possessed it was enough both for him and for those who opposed him, and opposition was not carried beyond the danger-point. "The consent of the governed" was of no more necessity in BISMARCK'S scheme of politics than in Julius Cæsar's. Accordingly, paternalism took the place of individualism, and took the form of "state socialism." What in more modern communities are held to be the rights of the people came to them in BISMARCK'S Germany as "graces" from the throne. He was anxious to allay popular discontent in every way except the one needful way of admitting the right of the people to govern themselves. When it came to that, he always let it be understood that the army was at the door of the Reichstag. Accordingly, individualism was repressed; paternalism was substituted; and in respect to political civilization, the last state of the German people is worse than the first.

It was the irony of fate that BISMARCK himself should have perished at the hands of the monster which he had built up. There is a human pathos in his appeal to the constitution and to public opinion against the masterfulness of his young "master," but there is also a political retribution. The Kaiser treated this appeal, when it was made by BISMARCK, as BISMARCK had taught him to treat it—as BISMARCK himself had been accustomed to treat it when it was made by the representatives of the German people. The world at large is under no debt to BISMARCK. It is not better or freer or happier because he has lived in it. What even Germany owes to him it must be left for the future to determine, but it is already plain that against this debt there are heavy offsets and abatements.

In spite of the enormous space he filled in his own time, and of the enormous force he displayed, he can scarcely be ranked among the great men of the world. The measure of the greatness of these men was the extent of their "co-operation with the real tendency of the world." The measure of BISMARCK'S strength was the extent to which he succeeded in obstructing this tendency. The most powerful champion of reaction is not a great man. He is only a "big fellow."

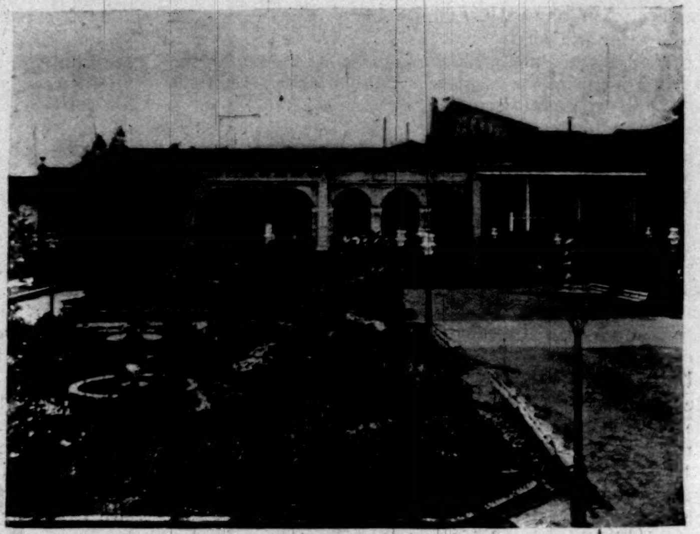
DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, July 28.—Ponce, the largest city in Puerto Rico, surrendered to our navy and was occupied by our army. A despatch from Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts* says that Commander Davis, with the *Dixie*, *Annapolis*, *Wasp*, and *Gloucester*, left the port of Guanica yesterday afternoon to blockade Ponce and capture lighters for the use of the army. Shortly after midnight the port and city of Ponce were "surrendered to Commander Davis upon demand." Provisional articles of surrender stipulated by the Spanish commander and accepted by Commander Davis were: 1. Garrison to be allowed to retire. 2. Civil government to remain in force. 3. Police and fire-brigade to be maintained without arms. 4. Captain of the port not to be made a prisoner. This morning, at 6.40 o'clock, General Miles and General Wilson, with the *Massachusetts*, *Cincinnati*, and transports, arrived at Ponce from Guanica. Captured lighters were used in landing the army. The despatch concludes: "No resistance. Troops welcomed by inhabitants. Great enthusiasm. Captured 60 lighters, 20 sailing-vessels, and 120 tons of coal."

General Miles's account of the same occurrences was sent while General Wilson, with Ernst's brigade, was disembarking. "Spanish troops are retreating from southern part of Puerto Rico," he says. "Ponce and its port, having a population of fifty thousand, now under American flag. The populace received troops and saluted the flag with wild enthusiasm. . . . This is a prosperous and beautiful country. The army will soon be in mountain

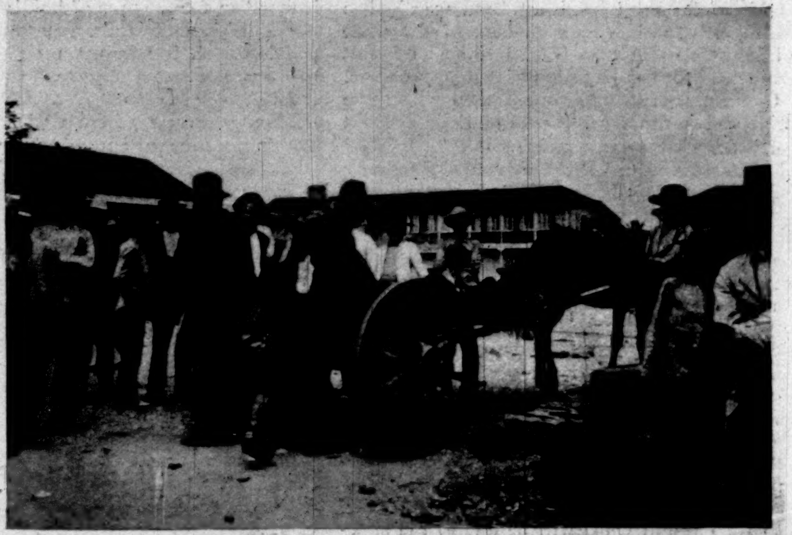
(*Continued on page 791.*)

CATHEDRAL, AND PLAZA DE ARMAS.

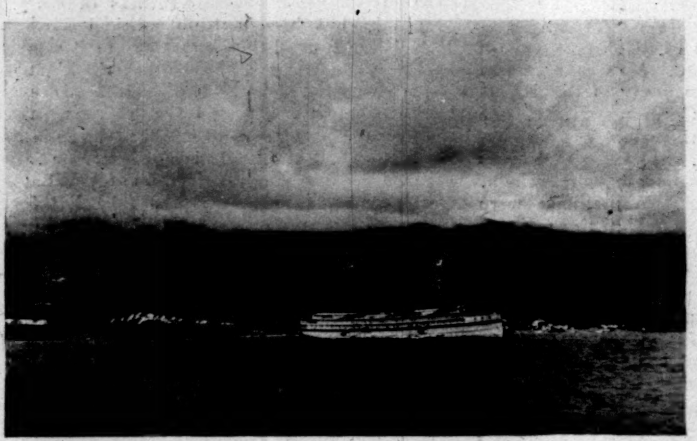


SAN CARLOS CLUB, PLAZA DE ARMAS.

COLONEL J. J. ASTOR AT GATE OF PRISON.

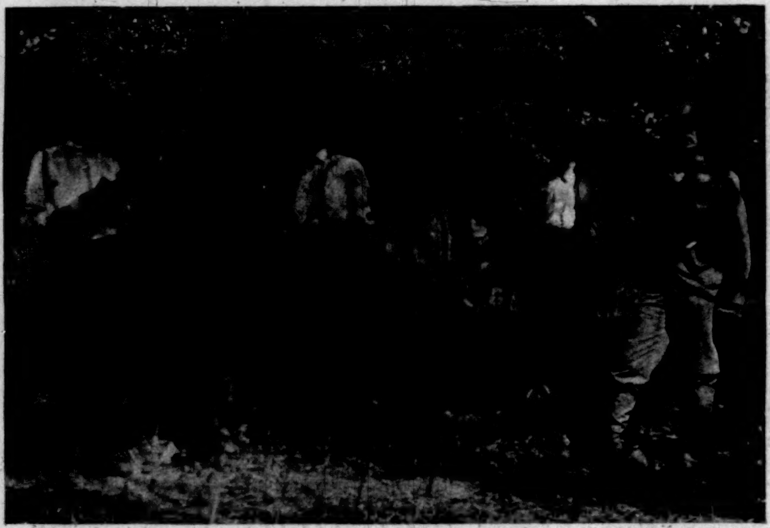


REMOVING OUR SICK SOLDIERS FROM THE CITY



HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF."

THE "REINA MERCEDES," SUNK IN THE HARBOR BY SAMPSON'S GUNS.

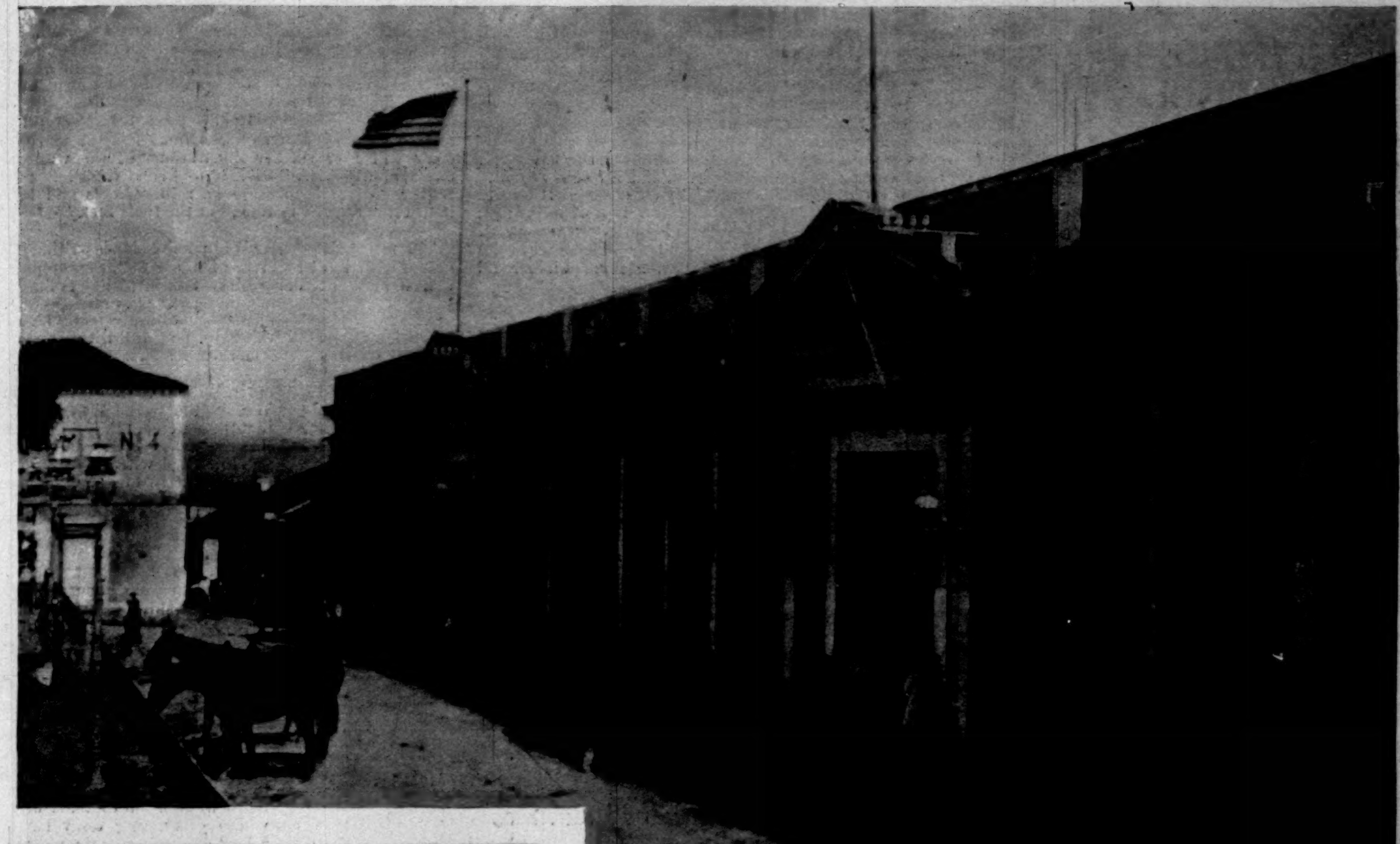


PARTY OF RED CROSS WORKERS.

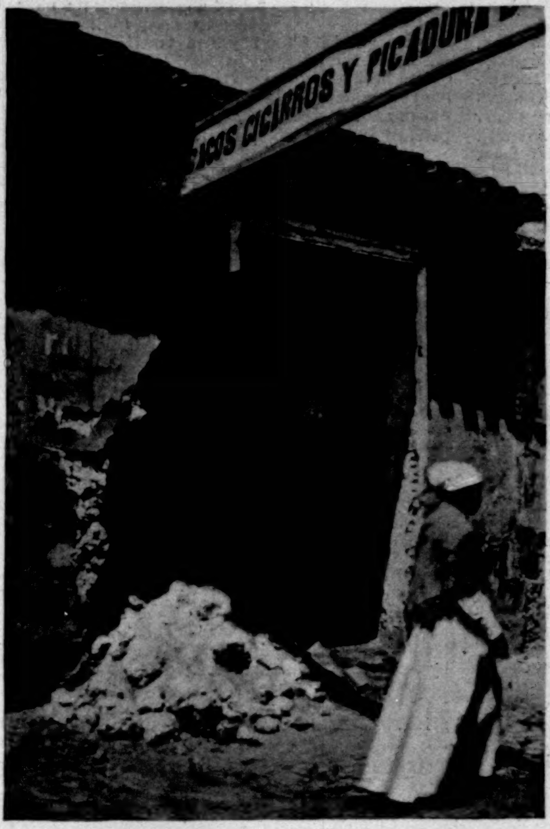
HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE STREETS.

SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

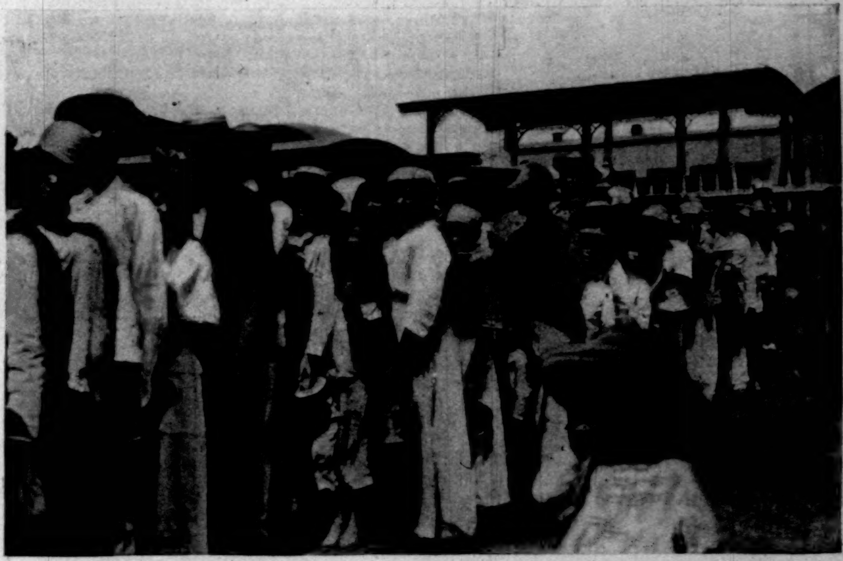
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE CASA MUNICIPAL AND GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.



WHERE AN AMERICAN SHELL STRUCK.



NATIVES WAITING IN LINE FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.

DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER ON A STREET CORNER.

SANTIAGO'S FILTHY STREETS.

SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Williamsport (Pennsylvania) *Index* having contrasted the "after-action prayer" of Captain Philip of the *Texas* with the "frequently quoted profanity" of Captain Evans of the *Iowa*, Captain Evans has made reply through the newspapers in a letter which is not to be read without emotion. He says that after the *Vizcaya* had struck her colors in the fight off Santiago the chaplain of the *Iowa* came to him and suggested saying "a few words of thanks to Almighty God for our victory." Captain Evans said, "By all means do so; I will have the men sent aft for that purpose"; but just then it was reported that a Spanish battle-ship was standing towards them from the eastward, so they immediately got ready to fight her, and by the time it was discovered that she was an Austrian the *Iowa* was surrounded by boats bringing dying and wounded prisoners from the *Vizcaya*, the relief of whom engrossed all attention. So, owing to the stress of circumstances, formal thanks were not returned. Nevertheless, says Captain Evans, "every drop of blood in my body on the afternoon of the 3d of July was singing thanks and praise to Almighty God for the victory we had won."

That Captain Evans has not been overmuch pleased to be contrasted as a profane officer with his God-fearing brother of the *Texas* appears in his remark that he, like the majority of the officers of the navy, had never thought it necessary to announce to his crew that he believed in Almighty God, but had considered that that "went without saying," though Captain Philip had a perfect right to make such formal acknowledgment if he chose. The impression made on a reader of the story of Captain Philip's pious acknowledgment is that his choice of the words he used was made under stress of strong emotion, and was due to a vivid sense of an escape almost miraculous from sudden death. It will be remembered that in the fight, within a very few minutes after Captain Philip and the officers with him left the bridge of the *Texas*, a shot came along and demolished the platform on which they had been standing. Their escape was either a marvellous piece of good luck or it was "providential." In view of it as something fresh in Captain Philip's mind, and of the further wonder that not a man on the *Texas* had been hurt, his solemn attestation of "belief in Almighty God" seems not at all unnatural. It may be doubted whether the somewhat profuse advertisement of the godliness of Captain Philip by his chaplain, Mr. Jones, has been of especial service to the captain. Most readers like the story of Captain Philip's "after-action prayer" better in the brief simplicity of its original narration than as garnished by Chaplain Jones's details and testimonials.

Our naval officers seem to be an unusually religious lot of men. Very likely the perils and vicissitudes of the sea are more potent to make men conscious of the presence of their Maker and of their dependence upon Him than the ordinary experiences of life ashore.

PRIVATE CHAS. D. JACOB, JR.,

Troop G, 1st U. S. Cavalry. Killed at Santiago, July 1, while endeavoring to save his Sergeant.

As for the "cuss-words" which Captain Evans is credited with using sometimes, that is largely a joke. If on occasion he buttresses his language with expletives, that is a matter of superficial importance, with some bearing perhaps on temperament, but very little on character or piety. Some very pious men swear sometimes. There was Andrew Jackson; and George Washington is confidently stated to have damned General Lee. Is it not recorded that the Duke of Wellington sometimes used words of not very carefully modulated commination? Yet the great duke's piety appears in the story that when in church he came to that place in the Psalter where the text runs "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," he always read that verse aloud, though it is an odd-numbered verse, and so one of those allotted to the priest and not to the congregation.

Evidences of a disposition to trace the hand of Providence in our war are not far to seek. Our naval victories, with their exceedingly small attendant loss of life to us, are pretty generally held to border on the miraculous, and so they do, though readers of history are aware that they are not the first sea-fights in which the side that warred with Spain got off with wonderfully small loss.

In the recently published *Life of Lord Cochrane* there are stories of sea-fights against amazing odds, or where extraordinary risks were taken, with resulting victories that compare for thoroughness and for small losses to the victors with our battles of Manila and Santiago. Doubtless, however, the Almighty fought with Cochrane also. The cause then was the same as now, the cause of Spanish colonists—Chilians and other South Americans—against Spain.

Dr. R. S. McArthur, of New York, in a recent sermon in Tremont Temple, Boston, found it notable not only that the Lord was conspicuously on our side, but that so many pious men were fighting our battles. "Dewey and Sampson are Christians," he is reported to have said, "and Gomez and Miles are also, and Baptists at that." That is interesting, if not certainly conclusive. If Gomez is a Baptist, one would like to know how it happened; but, anyway, Spain had better be in haste to make peace. The fact that Admiral Cervera and the officers with him go regularly to church on Sundays at Annapolis should not weigh to the contrary.

1st LIEUT. WILLIAM H. SMITH, 10th U. S. Cavalry.

CAPT. CHARLES W. ROWELL, 2d U. S. Infantry.

LIEUT. L. H. LEWIS, 9th U. S. Infantry.

U. S. ARMY OFFICERS KILLED AT SANTIAGO.

Mills Hotel No. 1, on Bleecker Street, in New York, which was opened last November, has proved so successful that Mills Hotel No. 2 has since been built, on the corner of Rivington and Chrystie streets, and was opened last week. It has room for 600 lodgers, being smaller than No. 1, which has room for 1154. In arrangement No. 2 differs from No. 1 in having baths on every floor, instead of in the basement only. This change will increase considerably the comfort of its patrons. Both hotels are open to all respectable men who have twenty cents.

Mr. Mills contended the other day that the assessed valuation of Hotel No. 1 should be low, because the property made only a small return on the money invested. The inference is reasonable that the success of Hotel No. 1 consists in its large patronage and in its usefulness to the public, rather than in remunerativeness to its owner.

General Linares's cablegram sent on July 12 from Santiago to Madrid, explaining the necessity of surrender, shows a noble spirit which is appreciated abroad if not at home. After setting forth the condition of affairs and the utter hopelessness of continuing the defence of a city whose people had deserted it and were being fed by the enemy, he says that if the defence must go on, for reasons of which he is ignorant, or that if some one must assume the responsibility of surrender, "I faithfully offer myself on the altars of my country for the one, and for the other I will retain the command for the purpose of signing the surrender, for my modest reputation is of little value as compared with the country's interests."

Much interest will be felt in this country in the reception the beaten Spanish officers and soldiers meet with on their return home. It has been reported that Admiral Cervera would not go back at all, but that is very unlikely. General Linares will go home very shortly with his troops, and we shall know more about Spain when we learn how he fares.

Something seems to have happened to the Brooklyn Bridge; nothing serious, apparently, but enough, perhaps, to make the ferry-boats popular for a week or two among hypercautious persons. On Friday evening, July 29, a dead horse caused a block of trolley-cars on the bridge, when suddenly there was a noise like a pistol-shot near the Brooklyn tower, and many persons seem to have received the impression that the bridge sagged several inches. It takes an expert to understand what really happened; but the explanation given is that one of the steel trusses, described by friends of the patient as "a bottom chord," buckled or twisted about 200 feet west of the Brooklyn tower on the south roadway. The bridge doctors say that the strength of the bridge is not affected. Responsibility for the occurrence is distributed between the trolley companies and the protracted hot weather. The heat has made the cables stretch to an unusual extent. The trolley companies are said to have violated the bridge rules in allowing their cars to run too close together, thereby putting too many cars on the bridge at once.

The Rev. P. F. Jernegan's scheme for getting the gold out of sea-water seems to have been as ingenious a plan for demonstrating the truth of Solomon's observation about the alacrity with which certain persons part with their money as has been matured in many a moon. The story in brief, as it has been coming out in the newspapers, is that Jernegan, being without occupation, and having leisure to improve his mind, learned that there was gold in sea-water, and resolved to get some of it out. After sundry apparently successful experiments before witnesses, he started works on the coast of Maine, where ocean water is cheap, good, and plentiful, and proceeded to ship to Boston gold bricks ostensibly derived by his process from the ocean. On the strength of these periodical bricks he sold stock profusely in his company, receiving money therefor, which he turned into government bonds and other valuables. Then suddenly he went to France, leaving no address behind. His "secret process" is stated to have been that he "salted" the ocean by employing a diver to place gold dissolved in mercury in a box which he used to let down into the ocean, duly baited to catch the riches of the deep. His adventure is understood to have profited him several hundred thousand dollars, though doubtless the end of his story will give further illustrations of the wisdom of Solomon which will be less to his advantage. It was Stevenson (not Solomon) who said, "Fools and knaves both come to grief in time, but the fools first."

The report that James Whitcomb Riley is writing comic opera, with Paul Lawrence Dunbar as his accomplice, is denied, assurance being given that Mr. Riley is busy this summer, as usual, in the production of the general-use verses, which continue to be in brisk demand by American readers.

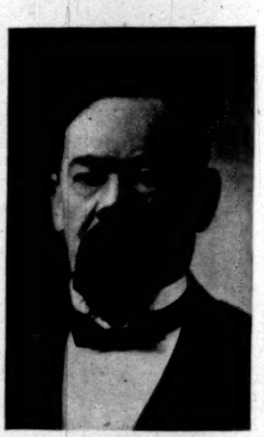
Mr. Wilbur T. Crofts writes from Washington to the WEEKLY to say that the statement that the *Kentucky* was the first American battle-ship to be christened with water is erroneous. "The two most famous ships of our navy, the *Constitution* and the *Hartford*, were so christened," says Mr. Crofts, "and yet the superstition about luck and wine lives."

Mr. Crofts will find himself in trouble if he talks about "christening" battle-ships, whether with water or wine. The use of that word in association with ships is warmly resented by a good many persons, who have persuaded themselves that it is blasphemous.

Comment was made in the WEEKLY of July 16 on a report that the principal of the Boys' High-School in Reading, Pennsylvania, had refused to sign the diploma of a lad whose graduating essay had contained a criticism on the means now generally used to instil patriotism into the minds of the pupils in American public schools. Mr. Scheibner, the principal, says that the report was inaccurate in several particulars, and that his refusal to sign the young man's diploma "was in no way connected with the paper referred to, but was officially known." Apparently it was officially approved also.

This has been a great month for Constructor Hobson. He had to come home on official business to plan for raising the sunken Spanish war-ships, and though he has gone about that business with devoted diligence he has not been able to avoid a great deal of miscellaneous "recognition." He must have found this a trying country for a modest man, but, after all, he couldn't hide for the rest of his days, and as his fellow-Americans had accounts to settle with him, the settlement might as well come first as last. The culmination of his embarrassments came on the evening of August 4, in New York, when, with the consent of Secretary Long, he presided at the public meeting held under the auspices of the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Protective Association. The object of the meeting was to raise funds for the relief of the families of soldiers and sailors who have gone to the war from the city of New York. The means used to raise the money was to put Lieutenant Hobson on exhibition as presiding officer, to have speeches made by him and other eminent gentlemen, and to charge from fifty cents to a dollar for admission. The meeting was highly successful. Lieutenant Hobson told beautiful stories about the Jackies, and told them very, very well. He was cheered, praised, and admired; some thousands of enthusiastic citizens can now boast that they have seen him and heard him talk, and a fund for an eminently worthy and patriotic purpose has been increased by thirty-five hundred dollars.

Governor Myron H. McCord, whose portrait is here given, has resigned the governorship of Arizona to accept the colonelcy of the Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory volunteer regiment. As member of Congress from Wisconsin he supported William McKinley for Speaker. Mr. McKinley, being presently appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, got up the tariff bill which made for him the reputation which afterwards put him into a position to remember his friends. Mr. McCord, being appointed Governor of Arizona, endeared himself to his party by accepting the resignations of all Democratic officers and putting Republicans in their places. It does not appear that Colonel McCord has had any military experience; but Captain D. D. Mitchell, of the Fifteenth Infantry, is a major of his regiment, and may become its lieutenant-colonel.



MYRON H. McCORD,

Who resigned the Governorship of Arizona to accept the Colonelcy of a Volunteer Regiment.

So far as is generally known, Mark Twain has not expressed his views about the war, but his sentiments on one of its results are set forth in a letter written from Kaltenleutgeben, near Vienna, to the United States consul at

Leipsic, declining an invitation to be present at the Fourth of July celebration of the Americans in Leipsic.

> Ordinarily [he writes] I would not care, but I must care this time, for this is not an ordinary Fourth. On the contrary, it is a memorable one—the most memorable which the flag has known in thirty-three years—and there have been but two before it which may claim to rank with it as happy epoch posts in the history of the republic—1865 and 1776. This one marks the burial of the estrangement which has existed so long and so perniciously between England and America, a welcome condition of things, which, if wisely nursed and made permanent, can be of inestimable value to both nations, and incidentally to the world.
>
> In reverence for liberty, in humanitarian and civilizing impulses, and in other great things of the heart and the spirit the two nations are kindred, as well as in blood, and friendly relations between them mean the forward march of the human race. That old animosity is buried. Let us hope it will stay buried, and also hope that for centuries to come this august funeral will still continue to be celebrated at our Fourth, and that meantime any man who tries to dig up that corpse will promptly be put in condition to take its place.

That is how it strikes a good American and discerning citizen living temporarily in Europe, but hoping to get back in due time to Hartford, Connecticut. From what he does not say about the war with Spain the inference may be drawn that it seems to him worth its cost if only for its result in bringing Britain and America together.

Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, died on July 29 at the country house of Mrs. Hearst, near San Francisco. He had gone there to rest and recruit his strength. His death, from an affection of the heart, was sudden and unexpected

If there was a real foundation to the theory that Philadelphia is a languid city, we might well expect that the loss of such a man as Dr Pepper would bring it to something like a standstill. He was born in 1843, and was consequently only fifty-five years old; but the record of the work he accomplished in thirty-five years of active life is extraordinary. His father, William Pepper, was a noted physician, and doubtless gave his son an excellent start. The son graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1862, and from its medical department in 1864. At twenty-five he became a lecturer in the university, in the medical department of which he continued to hold important appointments and professorships until, in 1881, he was elected provost of the university. Under his administration, which lasted thirteen years, the University of Pennsylvania saw the number of its students increase from 981 to 2180. Eight new departments were added to it, and the value of its property and endowments more than tripled. Dr. Pepper himself gave $30,000 to help on the extension of the course of study in the medical school from three years to four.

Besides what he did for the university, he practised medicine with such success that his services were in active request as a consulting physician. He wrote or edited several medical works of value, and many shorter papers. He served as medical director of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and was a leader in establishing the Philadelphia Museum of Science and Art and the Free Library of Philadelphia.

His economy of time is said to have been extraordinary, and, unlike most men, he was able to use all the time he saved, for there seemed no limit to his energy. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says he used to work eighteen hours a day, taking meals at irregular intervals, and sleeping when he found leisure. The effect of saving time by skimping his meals and going without due sleep seems to have been that he was worked out twenty years before his time. Only a very industrious man can make enough of odd moments borrowed from meal-time and sleep to make up for twenty years cut off from the end of life.

E. S. Martin.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 787.*)

region; weather delightful; troops in best of health and spirits; anticipate no insurmountable obstacle in the future. *Results thus far have been accomplished without the loss of a single life.*"

(In an engagement on the skirmish-line last Tuesday four Americans were wounded. The Spanish losses during the week are not exactly known, but it is believed and hoped they do not exceed a score.)

A later despatch from General Miles: "The Spanish retreat was precipitate, they leaving rifles and ammunition in barracks and forty or fifty sick in hospital. The people are enjoying a holiday in honor of our arrival." It is known that the garrison, numbering only about three hundred and fifty, and utterly without support from the citizens, were seized with panic; and their retreat was not merely precipitate, but uncommonly ludicrous, adding a dash of the burlesque to the most amiable capitulation that ever took place.

General Miles's proclamation to the Portorriqueños, issued at ten o'clock this morning, promised the largest measure of liberty consistent with a military occupation; protection of persons and of property; prosperity under American institutions and government; and maintenance of existing laws and customs that may "conform to the rules of the military administration, order, and justice." The inhabitants of the island are released from their former political relations, "and it is hoped this will be followed by the cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States." General Wilson will act for the present as military governor of the Ponce district.

Friday, July 29.—General Shafter's message to Secretary Alger to-day is an interesting item, for it makes Garcia's withdrawal somewhat easier to understand: "The trouble with General Garcia was that he expected to be placed in command at this place—in other words, that we would turn the city over to him. I explained to him fully that we were at war with Spain, and that the question of Cuban independence could not be considered by me. Another grievance was that, finding that several thousand men marched in without opposition from General Garcia, I extended my own lines in front of him and closed up the gap, as I saw that I had to depend on my own men for any effective investment of the place."

Jibara, on the northern coast of Cuba, in the portion of the province of Santiago not ceded by General Toral, is now held by our navy. The gunboat *Nashville* entered the harbor, and found a force of Cubans in possession, the Spanish garrison having retreated to Holguin.

Saturday, July 30.—General Merritt, commander-in-chief of the expedition to the Philippines, cabled (Cavité, July 25, *viâ* Hong-kong, July 30) that he arrived at Manila last Monday on the *Newport*, and that the other transports were about four days in the rear. "All troops assigned to me," he concludes, "will probably be needed."

The negotiations for peace now in progress at Washington give especial prominence to the Philippines, with all the world more or less expectant of our government's decision in regard to them. The French ambassador, M. Cambon, representing Spain in these negotiations, spent several hours at the White House this afternoon, and received a reply to the Spanish overtures which were mentioned in this Diary last Tuesday. The precise terms of the administration's note have not been made public.

A PRAYER.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.—Psalm XLV.

Almighty God! eternal source
  Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
  On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
  Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
  Heroic competence of will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
  All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
  The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
  To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
  Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
  Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
  And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed,—

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
  When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
  The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great,
Could strike yet spare the fallen state.

S. Weir Mitchell.

Sunday July 31.—A message of this date from General Miles, at Ponce, says that Spanish volunteers are surrendering themselves, with arms and ammunition; that four-fifths of the people are overjoyed at the arrival of our army, and two thousand from one place have volunteered to serve with it. The Portorriqueños are furnishing supplies and means of transportation, the custom-house has already yielded $14,000, and there is a request for flags, to be given to the different municipalities.

The official report of the military operations around Santiago made to Secretary Alger by Inspector-General Breckinridge comments upon "the entire absence of the usual comforts and conveniences of even the simplest army life during the whole of the expedition, and sometimes of medical essentials even in the hour of utmost need." . . . The Inspector-General's observations on the Cuban soldiers and the aid they have rendered are judicial. They were of "undoubted assistance" at certain times and in their own peculiar fashion, but they require constant supervision and direction. "In every skirmish or fight where they were present they seemed to have a fair proportion of killed and wounded." The critical moment in the campaign, when the uncharacteristic suggestion was made that our army should retreat, is thus referred to: "Doubtless, through telegrams and otherwise, there have been sufficient indications of the intense strain in the whole military situation on the field of operations which led to the consultation at the El Pozo house the night of July 2, and some of the general officers favored a retrograde movement during the day or two prior to our intrenchment taking shape and the armistice being agreed upon."

Monday, August 1.—The first of the transports of the Spanish steamship company which has the contract for conveying the surrendered troops from Santiago to ports in the northwest of Spain is expected to reach Santiago next week.

The Spanish cabinet met to frame a reply to the note of our administration in relation to the peace proposals.

Admiral Dewey has received information from Manila that the city will surrender when called on to do so; General Merritt advises our administration that he requires more men. The explanation of these two apparently conflicting statements is found in the defiant attitude of Aguinaldo, insurgent leader and dictator of the Philippines. Fearing annexation, he openly opposes the Americans, and his followers make no secret of their intention to kill every Spaniard who falls into their hands. It is evident, therefore, that a strong force will be needed, whether the garrison of Manila surrenders or not, and whatever the terms of peace may be; for no terms that Spain can make will bind Aguinaldo.

The total number of men for General Miles in the various detachments of the expedition to Puerto Rico (including those that await transports at Tampa and Newport News) is about 30,000. To these about 20,000 may be added, as appears from a despatch sent by Adjutant-General Corbin to Major-General Wade. Eighteen regiments of volunteer troops will be designated for (possible) service in Puerto Rico under General Wade, and, it is said, "these regiments will be selected on a basis such that each State heretofore unrepresented at the front shall now have representation."

Tuesday, August 2.—The publication of an outline of our terms of peace is authorized in this official statement:

> In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations as to peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the note handed to the French ambassador on Saturday last are in substance as follows:
>
> The President does not now put forward any claim for pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over, or title to, the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island; the cession to the United States and immediate evacuation of Puerto Rico and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and the like cession of an island in the Ladrones. The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.
>
> If these terms are accepted by Spain in their entirety, it is stated that commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.

General Merritt has requested the War Department to increase his command to 50,000 men. The troops at present with him at Manila, those on the way, and those destined to form the next expedition from San Francisco number, all told, about 20,000; it is evident therefore that Aguinaldo's successes, or his arrogance, or both together, have more than doubled the difficulties of the situation.

And General Merritt is not alone in his mistrust of the Philippine insurgents. From Manila to Rome, from the papal authorities to the apostolic legation at Washington, from the apostolic legation to the departments of our government, whose arms reach half-way around the earth—by this course the news comes that Aguinaldo's motley following—his men of Luzon, men from Batanga, men from Babuyan—threaten to kill the bishop and clergy at Cavité. The interposition of our government has been requested, and suitable instructions have been sent to General Merritt and Admiral Dewey.

Wednesday, August 3.—The Secretary of War made an official statement concerning the "unfortunate occurrences" on the *Seneca* and (more recently) the *Concho* that brought home sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago. On both vessels the suffering was augmented by a lack of proper accommodations, medicines, and supplies. Secretary Alger blames nobody, but offers an explanation of the "unforeseen circumstances" that hampered the authorities at Santiago, who "have done the best they could." The superlative of good seems to have a somewhat different meaning when we say the soldiers got their wounds when "doing the best *they* could."

At a conference this afternoon, in which President McKinley, M. Cambon (representing Spain), and Secretary Day participated, details of the American note relating to conditions of peace were discussed.

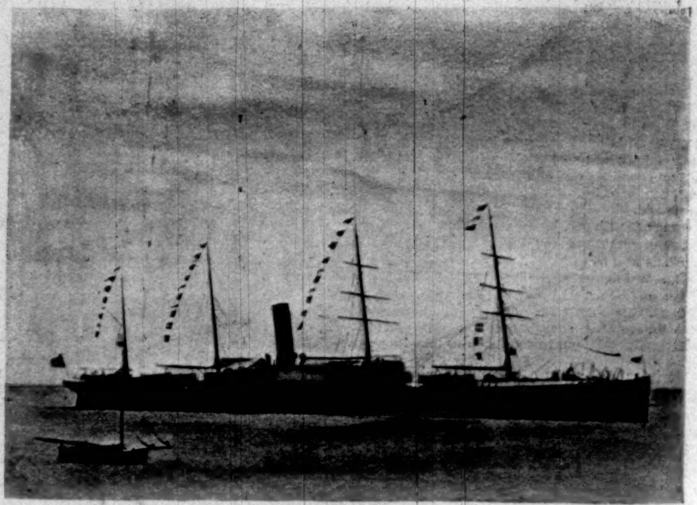
A landing of American troops under General Brooke was made at Arroyo, on the southeastern coast of Puerto Rico.

At Santiago de Cuba, General Shafter's officers united in a round robin, the gist of which lies in the following sentences: "We, the undersigned officers, commanding the various brigades, divisions, etc., of the army of occupation in Cuba, are of the unanimous opinion that this army should be at once taken out of the island of Cuba and sent to some point on the Northern sea-coast of the United States. . . . This army must be moved at once, or perish." A letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to General Shafter explains the situation. "All of us are certain," writes Colonel Roosevelt, "as soon as the authorities at Washington fully appreciate the conditions of the army, to be sent home. If we are kept here it will, in all human probability, mean an appalling disaster, for the surgeons here estimate that over half the army, if kept here during the sickly season, will die."

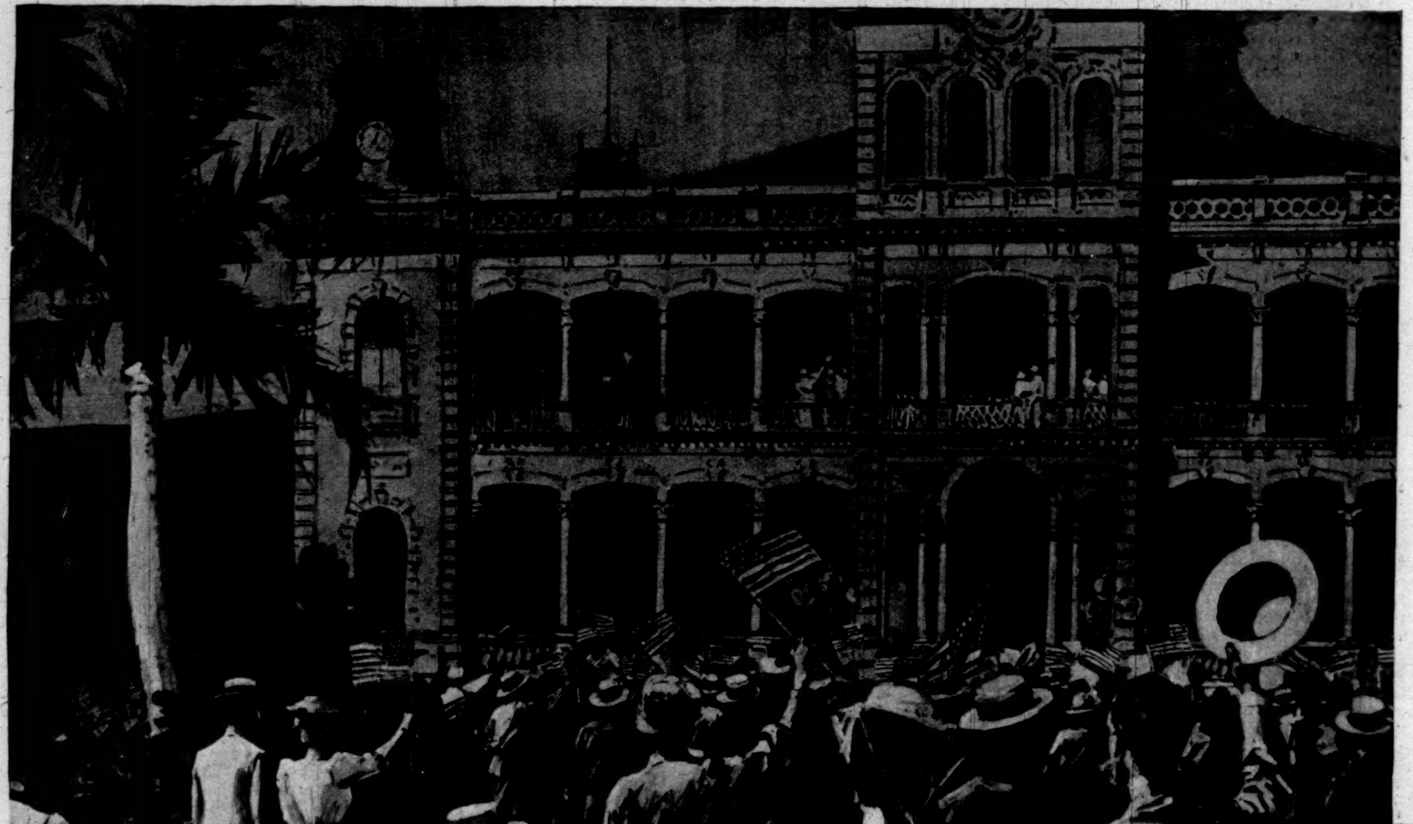
Thursday, August 4.—The Secretary of War has ordered General Shafter's troops relieved from further duty in Santiago as fast as transportation can be provided and the transfer of Spanish prisoners will admit of reduction of the garrison.

Marrion Wilcox.

CROWDS ON THE WHARF AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF S.S. "COPTIC."



THE "COPTIC" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU FLYING THE SIGNAL, "HAWAII IS ANNEXED."

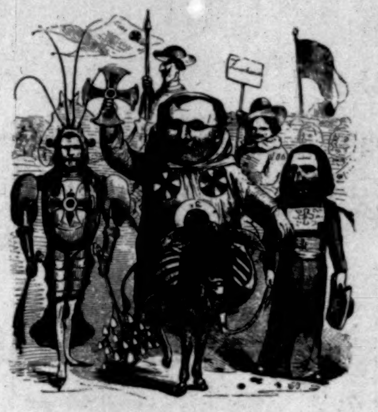


CHEERING IN FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, HONOLULU.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph.

HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS OF ANNEXATION.—[See Page 804.]

BISMARCK IN CARICATURE.

AGGRESSIVE caricature, tempered by not too lenient press laws of its subject's own making, was the initial element of publicity that presented Bismarck to the world at large in his character as a statesman, with all his faults and some of his great qualities exaggerated. More than his much-admired and much-criticised attitude in questions of public moment, and his great labors for the public good, did the comic press contribute to his ever-growing reputation.

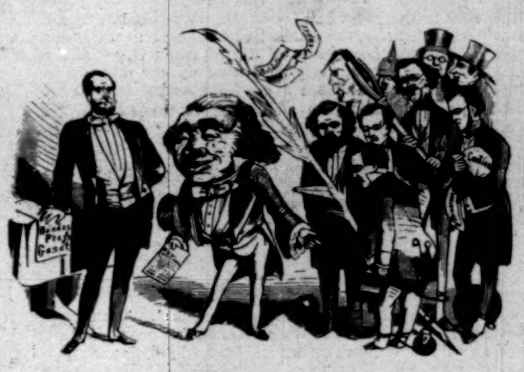


1849—A FOLLOWER OF PETER THE HERMIT.

For forty-one years had this great man flourished in journalistic caricature, and when, in the spring of 1890, he returned the salient feature of most of his comic portraits, the three hairs, to their inventor, he did so with a heavy heart and a head bowed by grief—grief over the future of his great German father-land, which was newly created by him.

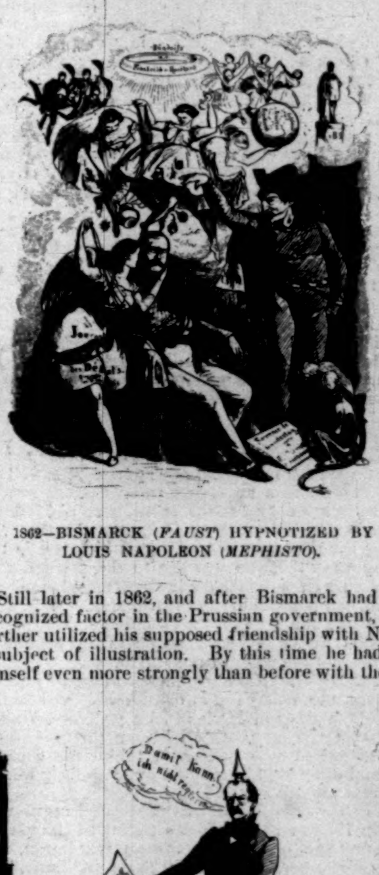
The first notice by the comic papers enjoyed by Bismarck occurred away back in 1849, when a Berlin weekly, as will be seen by the accompanying sketch, pictured him as one of the followers of Peter the Hermit, here impersonated by the reactionary Minister of State von Gerlach, who sits astride of a mule, raises a cross in one hand, is flanked on one side by his adherent, the much-despised Parliamentarian Stahl, in the garb of a Jesuit, and on the other side by Bismarck clothed in crab-shaped armor, intended to signify his reactionary tendencies. In his right hand Bismarck holds a formidable knout, symbolizing his Russian sympathies, and in his left hand his family tree, of which he was always very proud. The reason for introducing Bismarck in this cartoon was a speech he delivered on October 24, 1849, in which he made a strong plea for the aristocracy, as it was von Gerlach's highest ambition to gather in supporters to sustain the rights of the throne and church, the cartoonist evidently considered Bismarck his right-hand man. The *Kreuz Zeitung* party (Bismarck at that time was part owner of the paper) is represented in the background by the figure of Don Quixote.

Was it that this cartoon wounded Bismarck's feelings, or did he act on general principles? At any rate, the "coming man" thought it desirable that the freedom of the German press should be further curtailed, and to this end advocated a law which the editors throughout the country considered to be harassing and arbitrary. This was an excellent opportunity for the cartoonist, and the only illustration that is accessible, reflecting upon Bismarck in 1853, shows him, as Plenipotentiary of Prussia to the German Federal Council, receiving a committee of prominent editors, who are demanding from him permission to tell the truth.



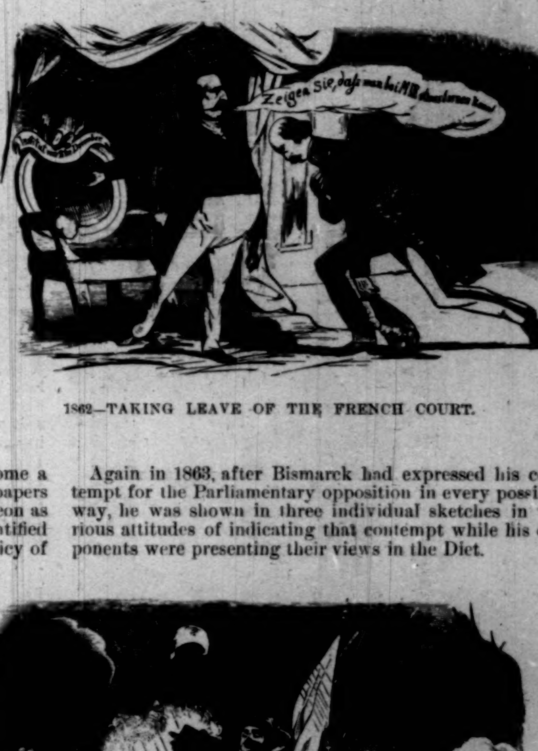
1853—BISMARCK RECKIVING THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.

In 1862, while Bismarck was Prussian Ambassador to Paris, the cartoonists were unusually busy, and almost every issue of the comic papers contains some allusion to him and his associations with Louis Napoleon. The first cartoon of this year represents a scene from "Faust," in which Louis Napoleon plays the part of *Mephistopheles*, who has hypnotized Bismarck, while he arranges an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France, which just then was being much discussed. The *Journal des Débats* masquerades as a siren, for the reason that at the time of Bismarck's appointment that paper published a complimentary biography of him, and in many ways evidenced its friendly feelings.



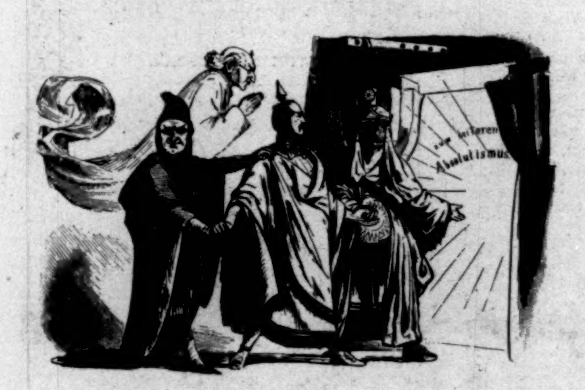
1862—BISMARCK (*FAUST*) HYPNOTIZED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON (*MEPHISTO*).

Later in 1862, when Bismarck took leave of France to enter the ministry of King William I., the papers noticed his leave-taking, and perpetuated the parting scene that was supposed to have taken place between himself and the Emperor. In this scene the Emperor is made to say to the departing diplomat, "Show that one can learn something from me," at the same time pointing toward the French throne, which is inscribed, "Instituted on the 2d of December."


Zeigen Sie, daſs man bei MIR

1862—TAKING LEAVE OF THE FRENCH COURT.

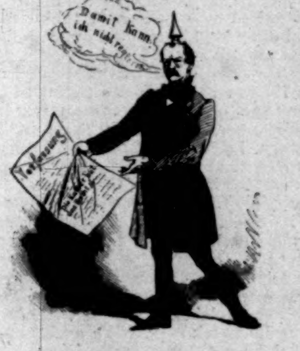
Still later in 1862, and after Bismarck had become a recognized factor in the Prussian government, the papers further utilized his supposed friendship with Napoleon as a subject of illustration. By this time he had identified himself even more strongly than before with the policy of absolutism; and as Napoleon was regarded as the standard-bearer of that same principle, Bismarck, in this cartoon, is pictured between the Emperor and the reactionary minister von Manteuffel at the moment of being introduced into the happy hunting-grounds of "pleasing absolutism."



1862—ENTERING THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF ABSOLUTISM.

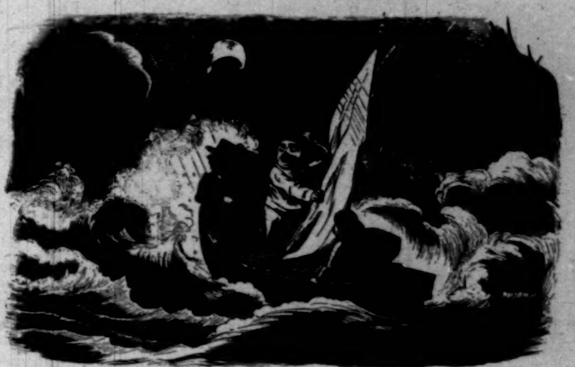
Suggestive of the results that would follow to the loyal citizens, a Russian knout is conspicuously suspended over the portal. To denote the martial character of Bismarck, his head is provided with a Pickelhaube, or spiked helmet, while the spirit of the pietist Hassenpflug, who had made himself conspicuous by his alleged willingness to reform the world, floats away in the background with his hands in the attitude of prayer.

While President of the Ministry, in 1862, Bismarck made no concealment of his indifference to and disregard for the Prussian constitution, which document the cartoonist has placed in his hand in the next sketch, with that portion of it exposed which begins with the words, "The Chamber has the Right—," while Bismarck interjects the remark, "I cannot govern with such a thing as that hanging over me."


Damit kann ich nicht regieren
Verfassung

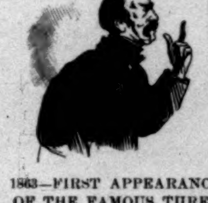
1832—SPURNING THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.

During the year 1862 Bismarck continued his repressive measures towards the press, and many objectionable journals were either confiscated or forced to appear with portions of their contents blotted out. Among the retaliatory methods adopted by the persecuted papers was a cartoon showing on a stormy sea a small craft manned by the editors of the three leading comic papers, who are striving their utmost to live through the high sea of official persecution. At the right is the alert police, with hands extended ready to seize the offenders, and at the left the phlegmatic and stupid Law. High above in the gloomy heavens appears Bismarck, shorn of its three hairs, threatening utter annihilation to the occupants of the boat.



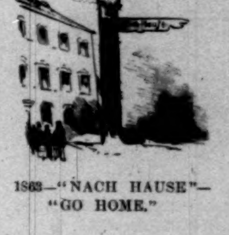
1862—JOURNALISTS IN THE SEA OF OFFICIAL DISPLEASURE.

It was some considerable time after the appearance of this cartoon that the famous three hairs which have always been associated with caricatures of Bismarck appeared. The small cut showing Bismarck with his left hand raised and his first finger and thumb extended, though a rather insignificant sketch, has now become famous, for the reason that it was the first to bring the three hairs into prominence, and to make them a characteristic of the man.



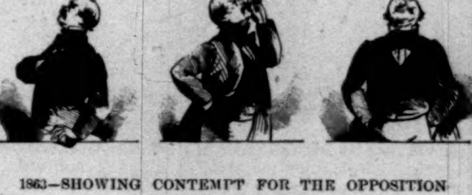
1863—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE FAMOUS THREE HAIRS.

During the first month of 1863, after Bismarck had shown his disposition to do without the advice and aid of the Diet, he was pictured as a sign-post, his extended arm pointing straight ahead, while he encouraged the members of Parliament to go home, as he had no further use for them.



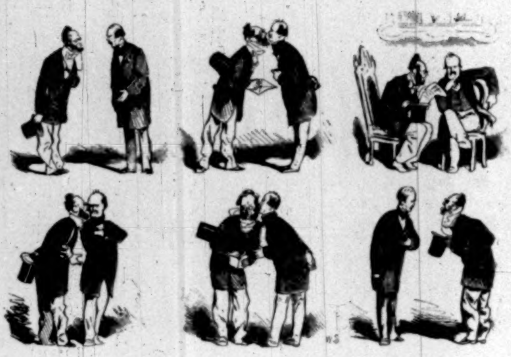
1863—"NACH HAUSE"—"GO HOME."

Again in 1863, after Bismarck had expressed his contempt for the Parliamentary opposition in every possible way, he was shown in three individual sketches in various attitudes of indicating that contempt while his opponents were presenting their views in the Diet.

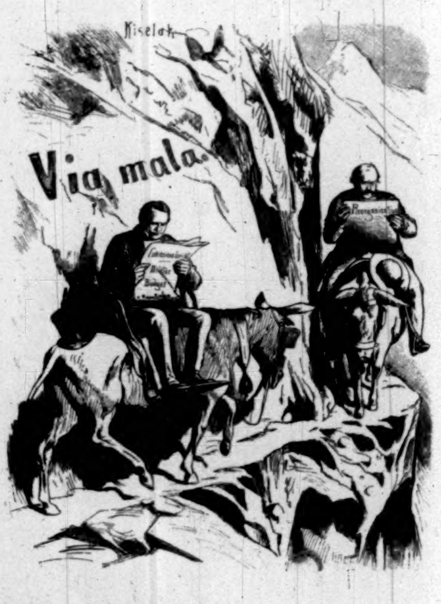


1863—SHOWING CONTEMPT FOR THE OPPOSITION IN THE DIET.

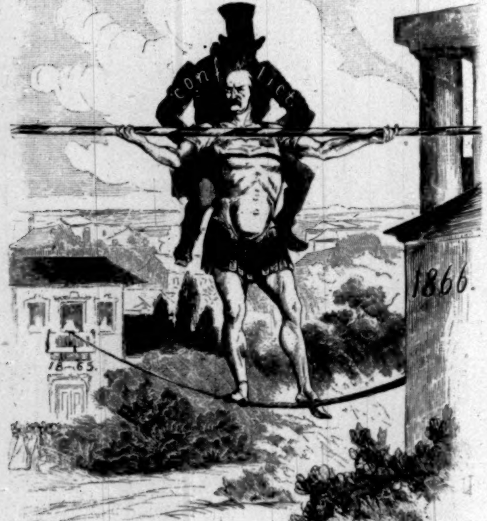
In 1864 the Danish question was interesting Europe, and England was particularly concerned in the matter because of the close relationship between Queen Victoria, King Christian of Denmark, and the rest of the Schleswig-Holstein family, and it was considered a good stroke of business for the London *Times* to send de Blowitz to Berlin to interview Bismarck on the subject. This gave the papers an opportunity to caricature the two men; but of the many sketches produced, the accompanying series of six were the best. Bismarck at first was somewhat unwilling to discuss business of state with the correspondent, but the well-known insinuating manner and language of de Blowitz



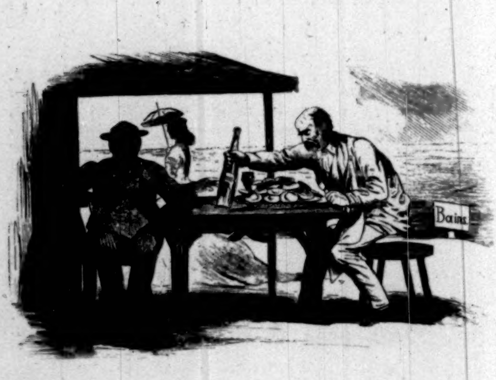
1864—BISMARCK AND DE BLOWITZ DISCUSSING SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



1865—THE PASS IN THE ALPS.



1865—THE GERMAN BLONDIN.



1865—CORRALLING THE OYSTERS (SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN) AND HOLDING ON TO THE (RHINE) WINE.

soon overcame his objection, and the two gentlemen are shown in the various stages of their confidences and the amiable manner in which they parted.

Nothing more seems to have occurred during that year to excite the attention of the satirists, but early in 1865 is found the rather pretentious representation of a pass in the Alps, over which two riders are approaching in opposite directions. The man upon the mule at the left is supposed to represent the majority in the Diet that opposed with stubbornness the contemplated army reform, demanding frequent debate on the question. He looks no further ahead than the limits of the constitution, which he holds in his hand. The figure upon the other mule is Bismarck, who had shown the same determination to win his point that the others had to adhere to the *status quo.* The relative positions of the representatives of the two principles are cleverly indicated by the attitude of the mules, between whom a collision seems inevitable. Bismarck is shown to an advantage in this sketch, for while he carefully studies the plans for army reorganization, he holds his head high, indicating that he is looking ahead of and beyond questions of the moment; he sits firmly in his saddle.

It will be remembered that in the year 1865 the Prussian Diet refused *in toto* the appropriations for government expenses demanded by Bismarck, and that the latter settled the matter by using the national funds for the purpose he desired, entirely ignoring the Budget question. How he was to extricate himself from the complications his independent action would entail was a question the papers could not determine, and so they pictured him as an acrobat, endeavoring to keep his balance upon a slack wire extending from 1865 to 1866. This German Blondin is, moreover, weighted down with the spectre of a constitutional conflict.

On October 22, 1865, Bismarck and Louis Napoleon met at Biarritz, and the meeting was an excuse for the comic papers to print several humorous scenes of their interviews, among which the accompanying is selected as having the most point as applied to the situation, and also because it is characteristic of German humor. The two famous men are shown seated on opposite sides of a table, and the following dialogue explains the situation. Napoleon says, "You have the oysters" (meaning the seaboard duchies of Schleswig-Holstein) "and I will take the wine" (meaning the Rhine). Bismarck gathers in the oysters, and then seizes the bottle, saying, "I beg your pardon a thousand times, but what would oysters be without (Rhine) wine?"

After the peace of Nikolsburg, by which Prussia acquired a large extension of her territory, namely, the kingdom of Hanover, Hessen, Nassau, and the free city of Frankfurt, Napoleon appears before Bismarck in the attitude of a mendicant, and is made to ask: "I came to congratulate you on the beautiful inheritance you have just received. Have you anything for me?" To which Bismarck replies, pointing to the door: "Oh, pshaw! We don't give to beggars."

According to the German press, Napoleon continued, even after this rebuff, to bargain with Bismarck, demanding that France be compensated for Prussia's gains. Napoleon in the act of soliciting, and Bismarck in that of refusing, are shown by the cartoonist in a pastoral scene, where Bismarck poses as a good shepherd surrounded by the petty states, represented by rather simple-looking sheep labelled Mecklenburg, Weimar, Saxony, and Oldenburg. Baden and Bavaria, apparently as little sheep-dogs encouraged by Bismarck, are aggressive, and look towards Napoleon in a menacing way. Saxony, which had been badly used by Prussia in the war of 1866, has her dependent position exaggerated by her representative sheep being attached to a stake, from which she is trying to break away that she may flee to the protection of France. Mother Germania floats in the atmosphere at the background, and is made to say to Bismarck, "Look after my herd," while the hero of the situation is knitting on the proverbial shepherd's sock, which in this instance is made to represent the unity of the nation.

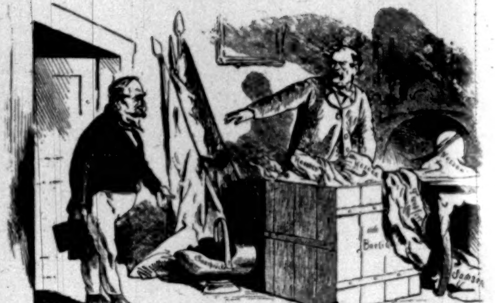
During 1867 the Luxembourg question became a prominent one, and the artists found considerable satisfaction in picturing the King of Holland as a peddler trying to get rid of that territory. One of these pictures shows Bismarck, disguised as a policeman, taking the King by the wrist and ordering him off the street, telling him he has "no license to sell goods."

Rumors of the breaking of the peace of Prague were rife early in 1870, and the cartoonist showed the various potentates prepared to sell out before the war began. The illustration given here is entitled "The Last Bazar," and shows the Pope, Louis Napoleon, and Bismarck, transformed into corpulent women, offering for sale the possessions they wanted to get rid of.

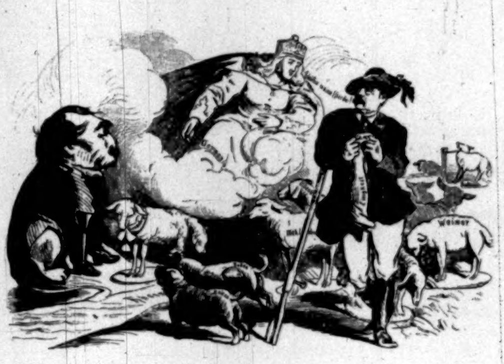
After Sedan, in 1870, there was ample opportunity for the artist to indulge in all the satire at his command, and the events were such that the pictures generally spoke for themselves, no explanation being necessary. One of these showed King William and Unser Fritz holding the French wolf while Bismarck, with a pair of shears, is cutting off his claws, labelled "Alsace," "Lorraine." At the same time Bismarck says, "We shall have to cut off the claws of this animal in order to insure peace for the future."

In the year 1873 the Italian minister La Marmora published a book in which he vigorously assailed Bismarck, accusing him of a long list of crimes, any one of which, had he been guilty, would have condemned him before the world. Unfortunately for La Marmora, he was removed from office just before the book was published, and the journalists friendly to Bismarck took advantage of this fact to picture their hero in the character of Papagena, the bird-fancier, dancing along over the country holding his Pan's pipes in one hand and a long staff in the other, while sitting upon this extended rod are three tamed birds representing Louis Napoleon, the Saxon-Austrian minister Count Beust, and his Italian critic La Marmora, all of whom had to go to please Bismarck. The comic press of Berlin sits upon the ground in the corner, pointing to the captive birds, and asking why they were so foolish as to go on Bismarck's lime.

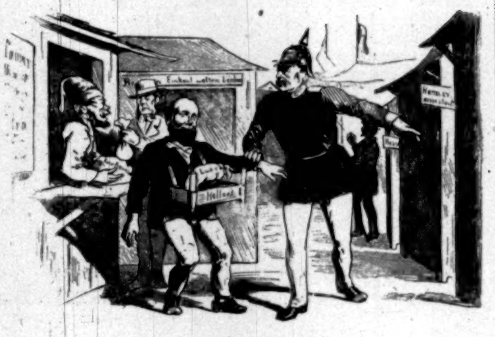
By this time Bismarck had become an object of idolatry; loyal citizens from all parts of the father-land flocked to Berlin to look upon the great man, and he suffered, in consequence, the intrusion to which every one who becomes famous is more or less subjected. This annoyance finally became so irritating to Bismarck who, in 1877, was



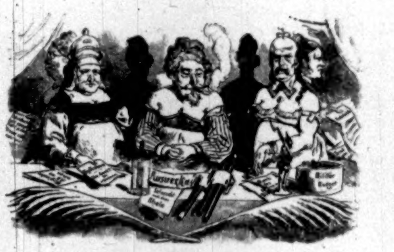
1866—"WE GIVE NOTHING TO BEGGARS."



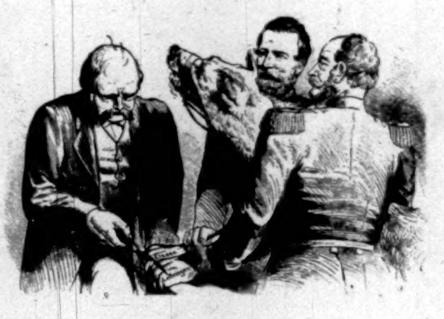
1866—THE KIND SHEPHERD.



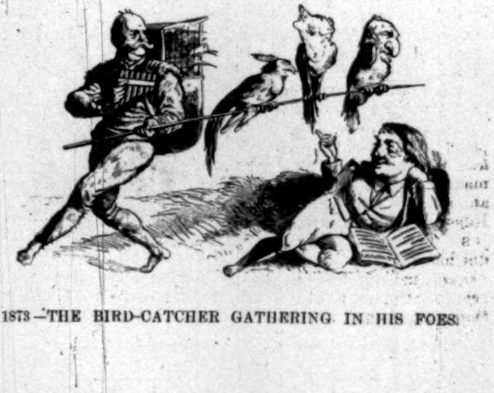
1867—"YOU'VE GOT NO LICENSES."



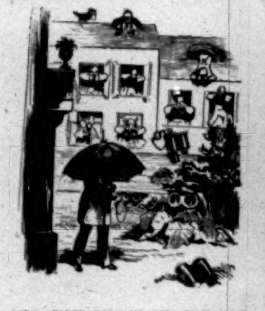
1870—THE LAST BAZAR.

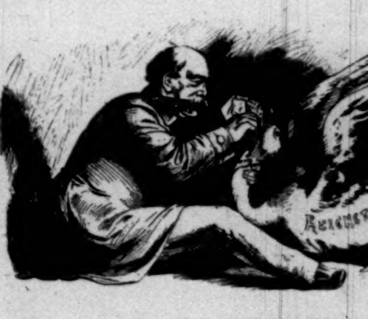


1870—CLIPPING THE CLAWS OF FRANCE.



1873—THE BIRD-CATCHER GATHERING IN HIS FOES.


1877—THE PENALTY OF FAME.

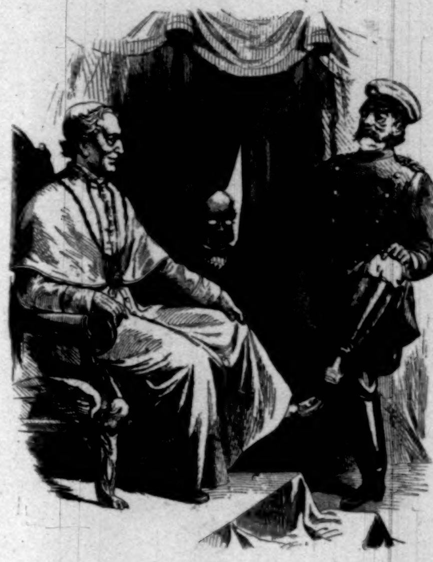


1878—AN UNWILLING MEAL.

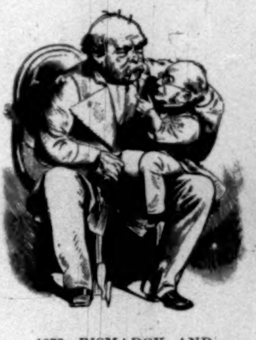
suffering from a nervous illness, that, incensed by the ridiculous position in which he was placed and by the persistency with which his well-meaning admirers followed his every step, he threatened to resign. In showing the houses surrounding his garden, where, at every window, a curiosity-seeker looks at Bismarck with a pair of opera-glasses, the artist has exaggerated the situation, as cartoonists are wont to do, although it is reasonable to believe the subject of his sketch fully sympathized with it, even if it was overdone.

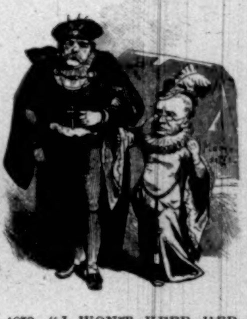
In 1878 Bismarck forced the Reichstag to swallow his anti-socialist laws, much against the vigorous opposition of that body. On account of these laws Bismarck was repeatedly threatened that his life would be taken if he persisted in his advocacy of class legislation. The Reichstag is pictured as a goose; Bismarck has the creature by the neck, and is crowding down its throat the objectionable bill.

In 1878 Bismarck re-established amicable relations with the papal authorities, and the cartoonist took occasion to picture his Holiness Leo XIII. seated upon the pontifical throne receiving Bismarck. The Pope, consistent with tradition, extends his foot, saying, at the same time, "There is my foot." Bismarck, standing before him, while willing to meet his Holiness upon equal grounds, does not care to take advantage of the invitation the Pope extends, and so he replies, extending his own foot, "And there is mine!" The figure looking through the half-open curtain is Dr. Windthorst, the papal champion in the German Reichstag.


1878—"AND THERE IS MINE!"

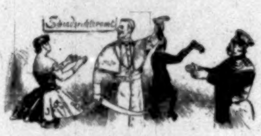
In 1879 the intimacy between Bismarck and Windthorst grew to such proportion that the papers showed the latter sitting upon the Chancellor's knee, while in another instance the well-known scene from "Richard III." is paraphrased, with Bismarck as *Richard*, and Windthorst as *Anne;* Bismarck says, in an aside, "I'll have her, but I won't keep her long." It will be remembered that this intimacy led to unpleasantness between Bismarck and the Kaiser, and finally to Bismarck's dismissal.

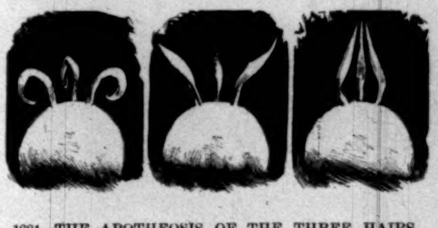

1879—BISMARCK AND WINDTHORST TALKING RECONCILIATION TO ROME.


1879—"I WON'T KEEP HER LONG."

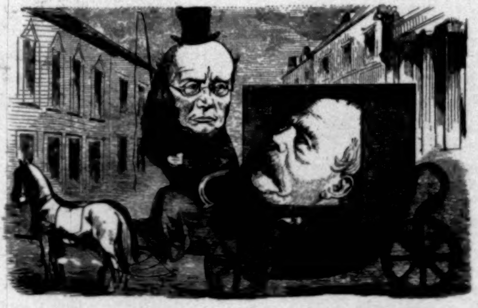
When, late in 1879, Bismarck had obtained all he sought from Windthorst, and that gentleman thought he had Bismarck in the right condition to do with him as he pleased, Windthorst made bold to lead Bismarck in his direction, only to find himself suddenly thrown overboard and done for effectually. The comic papers have shown this episode by placing Bismarck in a cab, with Windthorst as driver; the button is pressed at the moment when Windthorst turns to his passenger and says, "Shall I go direct to Canossa?" (Canossa being the place where the Emperor Henry IV. did homage to the Pope, and was kept standing for three days in the snow and ice in front of the papal residence before he was admitted to an audience and reconciliation.) Bismarck, looking from the cab window, gives Windthorst his quietus by replying, "No; rather to Daldorf" (where the state insane asylum is located); "but drop me at the corner of Wilhelmstrasse." Bismarck's palace was in Wilhelmstrasse.

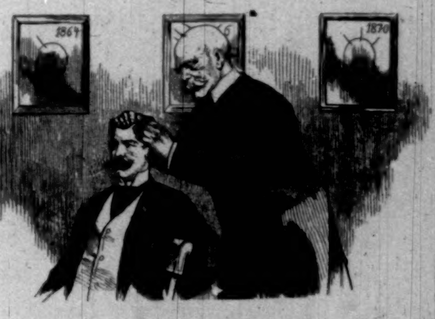
In 1881 it struck some clever artist to perpetuate the fame of Bismarck's artistic peculiarity. There was therefore evolved the Apotheosis of the Three Hairs. The first illustration was entitled "Fine Weather"; the second, "Changeable"; and the third, "Stormy." In the third instance the hairs take the form of the Pickelhaube spike.


1885—THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.


1881—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE THREE HAIRS.

The year 1884 produced two interesting incidents, according to the cartoonist. The first one of these was the discovery by Bismarck on the head of his son Herbert one of the three hereditary family hairs. The Chancellor is shown at the moment of the discovery. The other incident was the action of Prince Bismarck (as the real editor of the *North German Gazette*) calling upon the London *Times* to attend its own affairs, and to stop criticising his actions. In this instance the artist has shown Bismarck in the rather aggressive attitude of calling the *Times* to account on the Irish question.


1879—"DROP ME AT THE CORNER OF WILHELMSTRASSE."



1884—DISCOVERS HIS SON HERBERT POSSESSES ONE OF THE HEREDITARY THREE HAIRS.

When the complications touching the Caroline Islands came up, in 1885, the Spaniards were fighting mad, and threw out hints of an alliance with France for the purpose of attacking Germany. Bismarck really cared very little for the Caroline Islands; he thought it desirable to make a show of resistance, but finally suggested to lay the matter before the Pope for arbitration. The artist has shown the Pope, in the attitude of Solomon in his well-remembered decision, lifting the Caroline Islands, personated in the figure of an infant, a sword in his hand, and suggesting that he cut the babe in two and give each one half. To this Bismarck agrees, as did the false claimant in the Bible; but Spain, being the legitimate mother of the infant, would rather part with it than see it cut up, and exclaims, "Don't hurt the darling." Whereupon the Pope, recognizing the sentiments of the rightful owner, turns the islands over to Spain.

On the 3d of February, 1888, the *German Official Gazette* and the Vienna *Official Gazette* published simultaneously an agreement between Germany and Austria, thereby proving that an alliance, not on the defensive, had been formed, by which both countries agreed to combine their forces against Russia if either were attacked. In the cartoon representing this event Bismarck unveils the figures of the united German-speaking peoples before the Czar, who looks upon the scene in a semi-haughty, threatening, but also astonished manner.

The events of 1890, when Bismarck retired from public life, are shown by an affecting cartoon, where the great ex-Chancellor, grip-sack in hand and his famous dog at his side, is about to say farewell to the public press forever. He hesitates at the doorway, and returns to the comic editor the three hairs with which the cartoonists identified him, saying that as he has no further use for them, the cartoonist better keep them for a memento.

Henry W. Fischer.

BRING THE FIFTH CORPS NORTH.

We read that the Fifth Army Corps is to be brought North, and then we read that it is not. The President should punch up those old bureaucrats of his down in Washington and have them bring that corps home—up North, and the farther North the better. It has done enough. The vitality of the men was exhausted in the terrific campaign against Santiago, and they are not fit to encounter the heat and fever. This corps is the flower of our army, and contains all the material for our future great commanders, because in it is nearly all of the regular army establishment. Other fresh troops could go in and relieve it. These new men would not be weak from hunger, fatigue, and wounds, and would bear up better.

The idea of acclimating the men which I have heard advanced is simple foolishness. It takes two years to acclimate a man to the tropics, if he doesn't die, and then he is weakened permanently. The English understand tropical campaigning, and they put strong men into a jungle, march and fight them hard until the object of the campaign is accomplished, when they are immediately withdrawn.

Bring the Fifth Corps home immediately. Justice and good policy demand it.

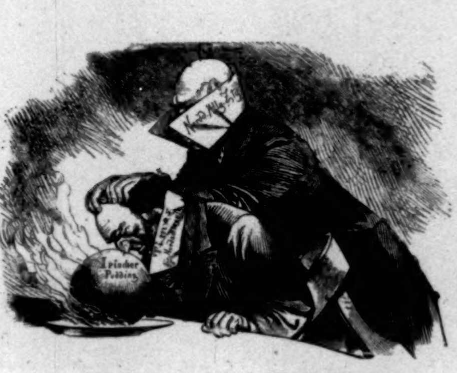
Frederic Remington.

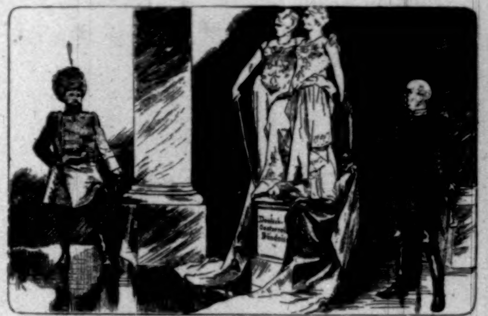
A WESTERN PLAIN.

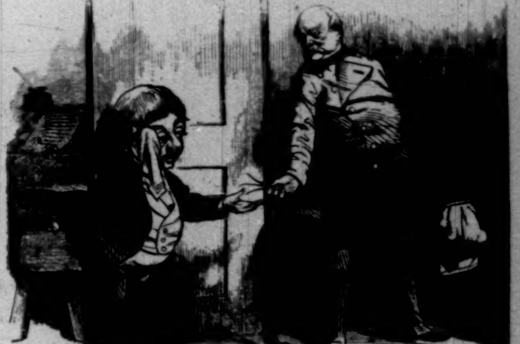
A lonely whitewashed farm-house where I wait,
A sweep of swirling corn-fields, far and nigh,
A flight of crows across a dreamy sky,
Fast-fading morning-glories at the gate,
A lonesome field-lark, seeking for his mate.
No hazy purple mountains meet the eye,
No giant white-capped ocean thunders by.
The land is quiet as the face of Fate.

A craving for the mountains and the sea,
A pining and a waiting evermore;
A longing for the crags and cascades free,
A yearning for the sea-weeds of the shore;
A hopeless hope, on cloud-swept cliffs to be,
To hear the stormy ocean billows roar.

Walter Malone.

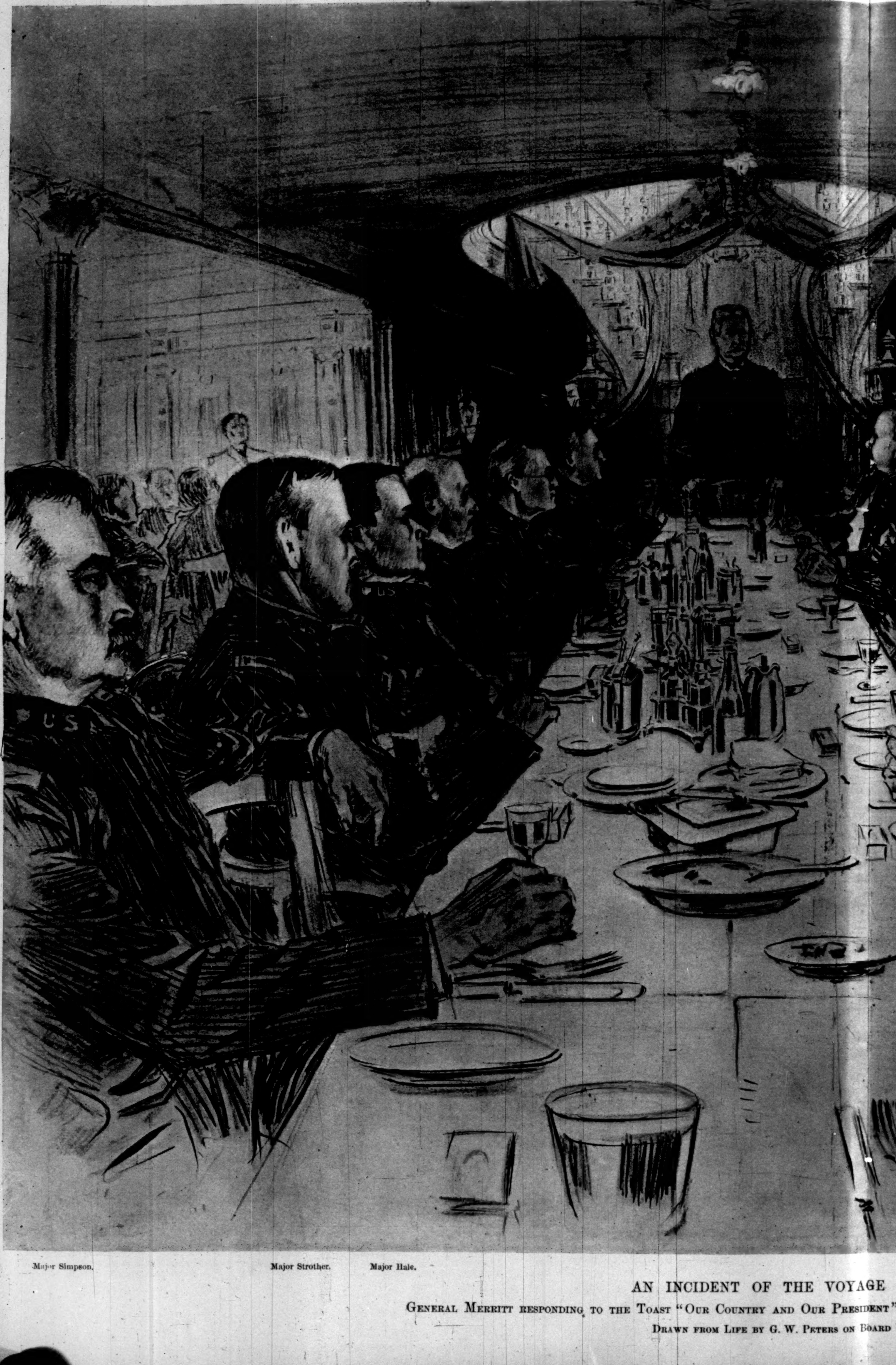

1884—SQUELCHING THE LONDON "TIMES."


1888—UNITED GERMANY AND AUSTRIA DISCLOSED TO THE CZAR.


1890—VALE, BISMARCK.

Major Thompson. Major Whipple. Major Bement. Major-General Merritt. General Whittier.

Special C



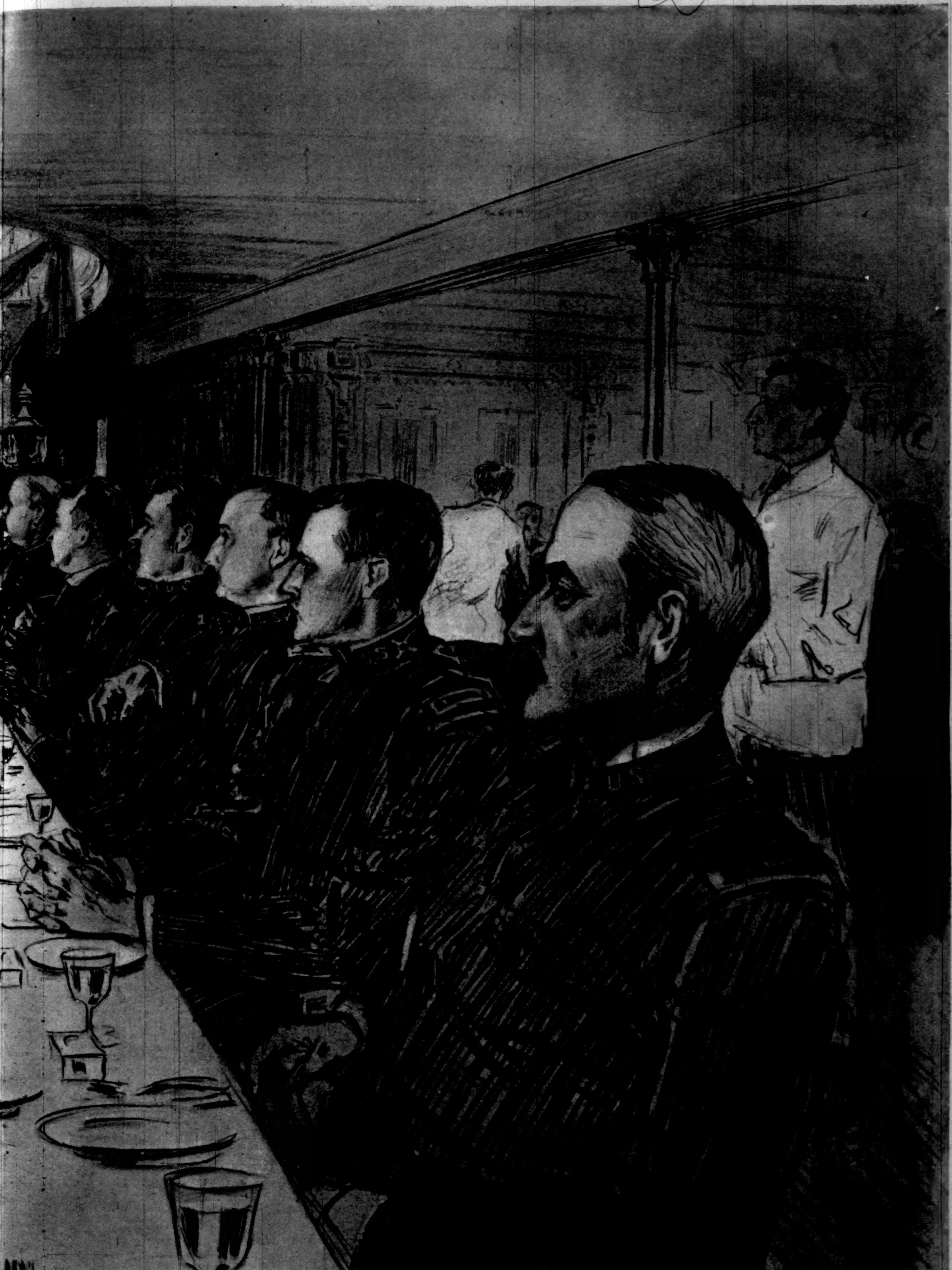
Major Simpson. Major Strother. Major Hale.

AN INCIDENT OF THE VOYAGE

GENERAL MERRITT RESPONDING TO THE TOAST "OUR COUNTRY AND OUR PRESIDENT"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS ON BOARD

Whittier. Mr. F. D. Millet, Major Sturgis.
Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."


G.W.
S.S. NEWP
PACIFIC O
JULY 1898.

Major Wadsworth. Captain Mott. General Babcock.

GE TO THE PHILIPPINES.

DENT" AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER ON THE STEAMER "NEWPORT."
OARD U.S. TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XV.—A NET OF COBWEBS TO CAGE A LION.

"I THINK there's something besides a lunatic that you are afraid of," said Martin to Matlack the next morning, as they were preparing breakfast.

"What's that?" inquired the guide, sharply.

"It's that fellow they call the bishop," said Martin. "He put a pretty heavy slur on you. You drove down a stake, and you locked your boat to it, and you walked away as big as if you were the sheriff of the county, and here he comes along, and snaps his fingers at you and your locks, and, as cool as a cucumber, he pulls up the stake and shoves out on the lake all alone by herself a young lady that you are paid to take care of and protect from danger."

"I want you to know, Martin Sanders," said Matlack, "that I don't pitch into a man when he's in his bed, no matter what it is that made him take to his bed or stay there. But I'll just say to you now, that when he gets up and shows himself, there'll be the biggest case of bounce in these parts that you ever saw."

"Bounce!" said Martin to himself, as he turned away. "I have heard so much of it lately that I'd like to see a little."

Matlack also communed with himself. "He's awful anxious to get up a quarrel between me and the parson," he thought. "I wonder if he was too free with his tongue and did get thrashed. He don't show no signs of it, except he's so concerned in his mind to see somebody do for the parson what he ain't able to do himself. But I'll find out about it! I'll thrash that fellow in black, and before I let him up I'll make him tell me what he did to Martin. I'd do a good deal to get hold of something that would take the conceit out of that fellow."

Mr. Arthur Raybold was a deep-minded person, and sometimes it was difficult for him, with the fathoming apparatus he had on hand, to discover the very bottom of his mind. Now, far below the surface, his thoughts revolved. He had come to the conclusion that he would marry Margery. In the first place, he was greatly attracted by her, and again he considered it would be a most advantageous union. She was charming to look upon, and her mind was so uncramped by conventionalities that it could adapt itself to almost any sphere to which she might direct it. He expected his life-work to be upon the stage, and what an actress Miss Dearborn would make if properly educated—as he could educate her! With this most important purpose in view why should he waste his time? The Archibalds could not much longer remain in camp. They had limited their holiday to a month, and that was more than half gone. He must strike now.

The first thing to do was to get Clyde out of the way; then he would speak to Mr. Archibald and ask for authority to press his suit, and he would press that suit as few men on earth, he said to himself, would be able to press it. What girl could deny herself to him when he came to her clad not only with his own personal attributes, but with the fervor of a Romeo, the intellectuality of a Hamlet, and the force of an Othello?

The Clyde part of the affair seemed very simple; as his party would of course have their own table Clyde would see his sister at every meal, and as Corona did not care to talk to him, and must talk to somebody, she would be compelled to talk to Clyde, and if she talked to Clyde and looked at him as she always did when she talked to people, he did not see how he could help being attracted by her, and when once that sort of thing began the Margery-field would be open to him.

He excused himself that morning for hurriedly leaving the breakfast table by saying that he wished to see Mr. Archibald before he started out fishing.

He found that gentleman talking to Matlack. "Can I see you alone, sir?" said Raybold. "I have something of importance I wish to say to you."

"Very good," said the other; "for I have something I wish to say to you," and they retired toward the lake.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"It is this," said Raybold, folding his arms as he spoke. "I am a man of but few words. When I have formed a purpose I call upon my actions to express it rather than my speech. I will not delay, therefore, to say to you that I love your ward, and my sole object in seeking this interview is to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her. That permission given, I will attend to the rest."

"After you have dropped your penny in the slot," remarked Mr. Archibald. "I must say," he continued, "that I am rather surprised at the nature of your communication. I supposed you were going to explain your somewhat remarkable conduct in bringing your tent into my camp without asking my permission or even speaking to me about it; but what you have said is of so much more importance than that breach of good manners that I will let the latter drop. But why did you ask my permission to address Miss Dearborn? Why didn't you go and do it just as you brought your tent here? Did you think that if you had a permit from me for that sort of sport you could warn off trespassers?"

"It was something of that kind," said Raybold; "although I should not have put it in that trifling way."

"Then I will remark," said Mr. Archibald, "that I know nothing of your matrimonial availability, and I do not want to know anything about it. My wife and I brought Miss Dearborn here to enjoy herself in the woods, not to be sought in marriage by strangers. For the present I am her guardian, and as such, I say to you that I forbid you to make her a proposal of marriage, or, indeed, to pay her any attentions which she may consider serious. If I see that you do not respect my wishes in this regard, I shall ask you to consider our acquaintance at an end, and shall dispense with your visits to this camp. Have I spoken plainly?"

The knitted brows of Raybold were directed toward the ground. "You have spoken plainly," he said, "and I have heard," and with a bow he walked away.

As he approached his tent a smile, intended to be bitter, played about his features.

"A net of cobwebs," he muttered, "to cage a lion!"

The weather had now grown sultry, and the afternoon was very hot, and there was a general desire to lie in the shade and doze. Margery's plans for a siesta were a little more complicated than those of the others. She longed to lie in a hammock under great trees surrounded by the leafy screens of the woodlands; to gaze at the blue sky through the loop-holes in the towering branches above her, and to dream of the mysteries of the forest.

"Martin," said she, to the young guide, "is there a hammock among the things we brought with us?"

His face brightened. "Of course there are hammocks," he said. "I wonder none of you asked about them before."

"I never thought of it," said Margery. "I haven't had time for lounging, and as for Aunt Harriet she would not get into one for five dollars."

"Where shall I hang it?" he asked.

"Not anywhere about here. Couldn't you find some nice place in the woods, not far away, but where I would not be seen, and have a little time to myself? If you can, come and tell me quietly where it is."

"I know what she means," said Martin to himself. "It's a shame that she should be annoyed. I can find you just such a place," he said to Margery. "I will hang the hammock there, and I will take care that nobody else shall know where it is." And away he went, bounding heart and foot.

In less than quarter of an hour he returned. "It's all ready, Miss Dearborn," he said. "I think I have found a place you will like. It's generally very close in the woods on a day like this, but there is a little bluff back of us, and at the end of it the woods are open, so that there is a good deal of air there."

"That is charming," said Margery, and with a book in her hand she accompanied Martin.

They were each so interested in the hammock business that they walked side by side, instead of one following the other, as had been their custom heretofore.

"Oh, this is a delightful place!" cried Margery. "I can lie here and look down into the very heart of the woods; and it is a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's island."

"I am glad you like it," said Martin. "I thought you would. I have put up the hammock strongly, so that you need not be afraid of it; but if there is any other way you want it I can change it. There is not a thing here that can hurt you, and if a little snake should happen along it would be glad to get away from you if you give it a chance. But if you should be frightened or should want anything you have only to call for me. I shall hear you, for I shall be out in the open just at the edge of the woods."

"Thank you very much," said Margery; "nothing could be nicer than this, and you did it so quickly."

He smiled with pleasure as he answered that he could have done it more quickly if it had been necessary; and then he retired slowly, that she might call him back if she thought of anything she wanted.

Margery lay in the hammock, gazing out over the edge of the bluff into the heart of the woods; her closed book was in her hand, and the gentle breeze that shook the leaves around her and disturbed the loose curls about her face was laden with a moist spiciness which made her believe it had been wandering through some fragrant foliage of a kind unknown to her, far away in the depths of the forest, where she could not walk on account of the rocks, the great bushes, and the tall ferns. It was lovely to lie and watch the leafy boughs, which seemed as if they were waving their handkerchiefs to the breeze as it passed.

"I don't believe," she said to herself, as she cast her eyes upward toward an open space above her, "that if I were that little white cloud and could float over the whole world and drop down on any spot I chose that I could drop into a lovelier place than this." Then she brought her gaze again to earth, and her mind went out between the shadowy trunks which stretched away and away and away toward the mysteries of the forest, which must always be mysteries to her because it was impossible for her to get to them and solve them—that is, if she remained awake. But if Master Morpheus should happen by, she might yet know everything—for there are no mysteries which cannot be solved in dreams.

Master Morpheus came, but with him came also Arthur Raybold; not by the little pathway that approached from the direction of the lake, but parting the bushes as if he had been exploring. When she heard footsteps behind her, Margery looked up quickly.

"Mr. Raybold!" she exclaimed. "How on earth did you happen here?"

"I did not happen," said he, wiping his brow with his handkerchief. "I have been looking for you, and I have had tough work of it. I saw you go into the woods, and I went in also, but some distance below here, and I have had a hard and tiresome job working my way up to you; but I have found you. I knew I should, for I had bent my mind to the undertaking."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," said Margery, in a vexed tone. "I came here to be alone and take a nap, and I wish you would find some other nice place and go and take a nap yourself."

He smiled deeply. "That would not answer my purpose at all," said he. "Napping is far from my desires."

"But I don't care anything about your desires," said Margery, in a tone which showed she was truly vexed; "I have pre-empted this place, and I want it to myself. I was just falling into a most delightful doze when you came, and I don't think you had any right to come here and disturb me."

"The sense of right, Miss Dearborn," said he, "comes from the heart, and we do not have to ask other people what it is. My heart has given me the right to come here, and here I am."

"And what in the name of common-sense are you here for?" said Margery. "Speaking about your heart makes me think you came here to make love to me. Is that it?"

"It was," said he; "and I wish you to hear me."

"Mr. Raybold," said she, her eyes as bright, he thought, as if they had belonged to his sister when she was urging some of her favorite views upon a company, "I won't listen to one word of such stuff. This is no place for love-making, and I won't have it. If you want to make love to me you can wait until I go home, and then you can come and speak to my mother about it, and when you have spoken to her you can speak to me, but I won't listen to it here. Not one word!"

Thus did the indignant craftiness of Margery express itself. "It's a good deal better," she thought, "than telling him no, and having him keep on begging and begging."

"Miss Dearborn," said Raybold, "what I have to say cannot be postponed. The words within me must be spoken, and I came here to speak them."

With a sudden supple twist Margery turned herself, hammock and all, and stood on her feet on the ground. "Martin!" she cried, at the top of her voice.

Raybold stepped back astonished. "What is this?" he exclaimed. "Am I to understand—"

Before he had time to complete his sentence Martin Sanders sprang into the scene.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, with a glare at Raybold, as if he suspected why he had been called.

"Martin," said Margery, with a good deal of sharpness in her voice, "I want you to take down this hammock and carry it away. I can't stay here any longer. I thought that at least one quiet place out-of-doors could be found where I would not be disturbed, but it seems there is no such place. Perhaps you can hang the hammock somewhere near our cabin."

Martin's face grew very red. "I don't think," said he, "that you ought to be obliged to go away because you have been disturbed. Whoever disturbed you should go away, and not you."

Now Mr. Raybold's face also grew red. "There has been enough of this!" he exclaimed. "Guide, you can go where you came from. You are not wanted here. If Miss Dearborn wishes her hammock taken down, I will take it." Then turning to Margery, he continued: "You do not know what it is I have to say to you. If you do not hear me now, you will regret it all your life. Send this man away."

"I would very much like to send a man away if I knew how to do it," said Margery.

"Do it?" cried Martin. "Oh, Miss Dearborn, if you want it done, ask me to do it for you!"

"You?" shouted Raybold, making two steps toward the young guide; and then he stopped, for Margery stood in front of him.

"I have never seen two men fight," said she, "and I don't say I wouldn't like it, just once; but you would have to have boxing-gloves on; I couldn't stand a fight with plain hands, so you needn't think of it. Martin, take down the hammock just as quickly as you can. And if you want to stay here, Mr. Raybold, you can stay; and if you want to talk, you can talk to the trees."

Martin heaved a sigh of disappointment, and proceeded to unfasten the hammock from the trees to which it had been tied. For a moment Raybold looked as if he were about to interfere, but there was something in the feverish agility of the young guide which made his close proximity as undesirable as that of a package of dynamite.

Margery turned to leave the place, but suddenly stopped. She would wait until Martin was ready to go with her. She would not leave those two young men alone.

Raybold was very angry. He knew well that such a chance for a private interview was not likely to occur again, and he would not give up. He approached the young girl.

"Margery," he said, "if you—"

"Martin," she cried to the guide, who was now ready to go, "put down that hammock and come here. Now, sir," she said, turning to Raybold, "let me hear you call me Margery again."

She waited for about a half a minute, but she was not called by name. Then she and Martin went away. She had nearly reached the cabin before she spoke, and then she turned to the young man and said: "Martin, you needn't trouble yourself about putting up that hammock now; I don't want to lie in it. I am going into the house. I am very much obliged to you for the way you stood by me."

"Stood by you!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, which seemed struggling in the grasp of something which might or might not be stronger than itself. "You don't know how glad I am to stand by you, and how I would always—"

"Thank you," said Margery; "thank you very much," and she walked away toward the cabin.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as she opened the door and went in.

XVI.—A MAN WHO FEELS HIMSELF A MAN.

TOWARD the end of the afternoon, when the air had grown cooler, Mr. Archibald proposed a boating expedition to the lower end of the lake. His boat was large enough for Matlack, the three ladies, and himself, and if the two young men wished to follow, they had a boat of their own.

When first asked to join the boating party Miss Corona Raybold hesitated; she did not care very much about boating; but when she found that if she staid in camp she would have no one to talk to, she accepted the invitation.

Mr. Archibald took the oars nearest the stern, while Matlack seated himself forward, and this arrangement suited Miss Corona exactly.

The boat kept down the middle of the lake, greatly aided by the current, and Corona talked steadily to Mr. Archibald. Mrs. Archibald, who always wanted to do what was right, and did not like to be left out of any conversation on important subjects, made now and then a remark, and whenever she spoke Corona turned to her and listened with the kindest attention, but the moment the elder lady had finished, the other resumed her own thread of observation without the slightest allusion to what she had just heard.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

As for Mr. Archibald, he seldom said a word. He listened, sometimes his eyes twinkled, and he pulled easily and steadily. Doubtless he had a good many ideas, but none of them was expressed. As for Margery, she leaned back in the stern, and thought that, after all, she liked Miss Raybold better than she did her brother, for the young lady did not speak one word to her, nor did she appear to regard her in any way.

"But how on earth," thought Margery, "can she float over this beautiful water and under that lovely sky, with the grandeur of the forest all about her, and yet pay not the slightest attention to anything she sees, but keep steadily talking about her own affairs and the society she belongs to, I cannot imagine. She might as well live in a cellar and have pamphlets and reformers shoved down to her through the coal-hole."

Messrs. Clyde and Raybold accompanied the larger boat in their own skiff. It was an unwieldy craft, with but one pair of oars, and as the two young men were not accustomed to rowing together, and as Mr. Raybold was not accustomed to rowing at all and did not like it, Mr. Clyde pulled the boat. But, do what he could, it was impossible for him to get near the other boat. Matlack, who was not obliged to listen to Miss Corona, kept his eye upon the following skiff, and seemed to fear a collision if the two boats came close together, for if Clyde pulled hard he pulled harder. Arthur Raybold was not satisfied.

"I thought you were a better oarsman," he said to the other; "but now I suppose we shall not come near them until we land."

But the Archibald party did not land. Under the guidance of Matlack they swept slowly around the lower end of the lake; they looked over the big untenanted camp-ground there; they stopped for a moment to gaze into the rift in the forest through which ran the stream which connected this lake with another beyond it, and then they rowed homeward, keeping close to the farther shore, so as to avoid the strength of the current.

Clyde, who had not reached the end of the lake, now turned and determined to follow the tactics of the other boat and keep close to the shore, but on the side nearest to the camp. This exasperated Raybold.

"What are you trying to do?" he said. "If you keep in the middle we may get near them, and why should we be on one side of the lake and they on the other?"

"I want to get back as soon as they do," said Clyde, "and I don't want to pull against the current."

"Stop!" said Raybold. "If you are tired, let me have the oars."

Harrison Clyde looked for a minute at his companion, and then deliberately changed the course of the boat and rowed straight toward the shore, paying no attention whatever to the excited remonstrances of Raybold. He beached the boat at a rather poor landing-place among some bushes, and then, jumping out, he made her fast.

"What do you mean?" cried Raybold, as he scrambled on shore. "Is she leaking more than she did? What is the matter?"

"She is not leaking more than usual," said the other; "but I am not going to pull against that current with you growling in the stern: I am going to walk back to camp."

In consequence of this resolution the two young men reached Camp Rob about the same time that the Archibald boat touched shore, and at least an hour before they would have arrived had they remained in their boat.

The party was met by Mrs. Perkenpine, bearing letters and newspapers. A man had arrived from Sadler's in their absence, and he had brought the mail. Nearly every one had letters; there was even something for Martin. Standing where they had landed, seated on bits of rock, on the grass, or on camp-chairs, all read their letters.

While thus engaged a gentleman approached the party from the direction of Camp Roy. He was tall, well built, handsomely dressed in a suit of light brown tweed, and carried himself with a buoyant uprightness. A neat straw hat with a broad ribbon shaded his smooth-shaven face, which sparkled with cordial good-humor. A blue cravat was tied tastefully under a broad white collar, and in his hand he carried a hickory walking-stick, cut in the woods, but good enough for a city sidewalk. Margery was the first to raise her eyes at the sound of the quickly approaching footsteps.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, and then everybody looked up.

For a moment the new-comer was gazed upon in silence. From what gigantic bandbox could this well-dressed stranger have dropped? Then, with a loud laugh, Mr. Archibald cried, "The bishop!"

No wonder there had not been instant recognition. The loose, easy-fitting clothes gave no hint of redundant plumpness; no soiled shovel-hat cast a shadow over the smiling face, and a glittering shirt front banished all thought of gutta-percha.

"Madam," exclaimed the bishop, raising his hat and stepping quickly toward Mrs. Archibald; "I cannot express the pleasure I feel in meeting you again. And as for you, sir," holding out his hand to Mr. Archibald, "I have no words in which to convey my feelings. Look upon a man, sir, who feels himself a man, and remember from what you raised him. I can say no more now, but I can never forget what you have done," and as he spoke he pressed Mr. Archibald's hand with an honest fervor, which distorted for a moment the features of that gentleman.

From one to the other of the party the bishop glanced, as he said, "How glad, how unutterably glad, I am to be again among you!" Turning his eyes toward Miss Raybold, he stopped. That young lady had put down the letter she was reading, and was gazing at him through her spectacles with calm intensity. "This lady," said the bishop, turning toward Raybold, "is your sister, I presume? May I have the honor?"

Raybold looked at him without speaking. Here was an example of the silly absurdity of throwing pearls before swine. He had never wanted to have anything to do with the fellow when he was in the gutter, and he wanted nothing to do with him now.

With a little flush on her face Mrs. Archibald rose.

"Miss Raybold," she said, "let me present to you," and she hesitated for a moment—"the gentleman we call the bishop. I think you have heard us speak of him."

"Yes," said Miss Raybold, rising, with a charming smile on her handsome face, and extending her hand, "I have heard of him, and I am very glad to meet him."

"I have also heard of you," said the bishop, as he stood smiling beside Corona's camp-chair; "and I have regretted that I have been the innocent means of preventing you for a time from occupying your brother's camp."

"Oh, do not mention that," said Corona, sweetly. "I walked over there yesterday, and I think it is a great deal pleasanter here, so you have really done me a favor. I am particularly glad to see you, because, from the little I have heard said about you, I think you must agree with some of my cherished opinions. For one thing, I am quite certain you favor the assertion of individuality; your actions prove that."

JULES CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, IN CHARGE OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.

"Really," said the bishop, seating himself near her, "I have not given much thought to the subject; but I suppose I have asserted my individuality; but if I have, I have done it indefinitely. Everybody about me having some definite purpose in life, and I having none, I am, in a negative way, a distinctive individual. It is a pity I am so different from other people, but—"

"No, it is not a pity," interrupted Corona, the color coming into her cheeks and a brighter light into her eyes. "Our individuality is a sacred responsibility. It is given to us for us to protect and encourage—I may say, to revere. It is a trust for which we should be called to account by ourselves, and we shall be false and disloyal to ourselves if we cannot show that we have done everything in our power for the establishment and recognition of our individuality."

"It delights me to hear you speak in that way," exclaimed the bishop. "It encourages and cheers me. We are what we are; and if we can be more fully what we are than we have been, then we are more truly ourselves than before."

"And what can be nobler," cried Corona, "than to be, in the most distinctive sense of the term, ourselves?"

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald walked together toward their cabin.

"I want to be neighborly and hospitable," said he, "but it seems to me that, now that the way is clear for Miss Raybold to move her tent to her own camp and set up housekeeping there, we should not be called upon to entertain her, and, if we want to enjoy ourselves in our own way, we can do it without thinking of her."

"We shall certainly not do it," said his wife, "if we do think of her. I am very much disappointed in her. She is not a companion at all for Margery; she never speaks to her, and, on the other hand, I should think you would wish she never spoke to you."

"Well," said her husband, "that feeling did grow upon me somewhat this afternoon. Up to a certain point she is amusing."

Here he was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who planted herself before him.

"I s'pose you think I didn't do right," she said, "'cause, when that big bundle came it had your name on it; but I knew it was clothes, and that they was for that man in our camp, and so I took them to him myself. I heard Phil say that the sooner that man was up and dressed, the better it would be for all parties; and as Martin had gone off, and there wasn't nobody to take his clothes to him, I took them to him, and that's the long and short of it."

"I wondered how he got them," said Mr. Archibald; "but I am glad you carried them to him." Then, speaking to his wife, he added, "It may be a good thing that I gave him a chance to assert his individuality."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH GENERAL MERRITT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Headquarters of the Expedition to the Philippines,
S.S. "Newport," Honolulu, *July 7.*

The chronicle of this voyage, the first stage of which has been successfully and, in the main, not unpleasantly passed, cannot fail to be of interest, not as a record of incidents of sea travel, which in the hands of the most accomplished writer might present little novel, but as contributing to the intimate history of this noteworthy and history-making enterprise. The inexorable decrees of Neptune have not been suspended for us, nor have we failed, on the other hand, to appreciate the contrasting delights of travel in the balmy trade-winds that scarcely ruffle the sapphire expanse of the Pacific. The departure of the *Newport* on the morning of the 29th of June was accompanied by the display of fervent patriotic enthusiasm which the emotional people of San Francisco have not restrained on the occasion of the sailing of other detachments of the Philippine expedition. But the departure of the *Newport* with General Merritt, his personal and department staff, together with about five hundred picked troops, caused a degree and quality of excitement which was most gratifying to witness. Scarcely had we turned our thoughts from the friends we were leaving, to the consideration of personal comfort, scarcely had we time to note the vanishing of the bold outlines of the noble headlands of the Golden Gate into the gray veil of summer mist, before we were headed and lashed by the advance gusts of a severe gale, which soon compelled the steamer to lie to and hammer the vicious sea for seventeen long hours. The transport is fortunately not crowded beyond the measure of comparative comfort, although the lower deck, where the men are berthed in five rows of double bunks three tiers high, cannot be said to offer the most sumptuous accommodations. The chief subject of complaint has been so far the lack of mess-room for eating, and the men find it at times very difficult to manage their mess-tins and their cups of soup or coffee without any available table-room to balance them on.

General Merritt, however, at considerable discomfort to himself and to his officers, has not restricted the circulation of the men on the decks, and they wander at will at all times of the day and night all over the ship, except of course in the saloon and social hall, where the officers are quartered in comfortable, airy staterooms. On the lower deck, admirably ventilated through a large forward hatch, and several small ones with wind-sails, the Astor Battery is quartered forward, K Battery of the Third Regular Heavy Artillery in the waist of the ship, and H Battery near the stern. After the storm was over and we were able to stand away on our true course again, the men were not slow to crawl out from their quarters, and the decks were covered by a chattering happy crowd, apparently devoting the larger part of their time to the consumption of food. Many of them produced tins of preserves and other delicacies to tempt their appetites, jaded by the turmoil of the past days. The chronic grumblers found the bill of fare too solid and heavy for any human being to eat; they even went so far as to criticise the liberality with which the rations were dispensed. But the grumblers we have always with us, although they find on this boat few active supporters and plenty of philosophical opponents.

Fourth of July, fortunately, turned out a perfect day. Certain crude luxuries, like apple-duff, were added to the bill of fare of the soldiers, and an impromptu entertainment was managed on the upper deck. Father Doherty, the chaplain of the expedition, followed the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Colonel Whipple with a vigorous and inspiring though brief oration, and the glee club of the Astor Battery sang the usual patriotic songs. As there is no band aboard, the popular music of the day, often sung to words written by a witty member of the coterie, furnishes the only entertainment of a musical order possible aboard. In the saloon, after luncheon, a short list of toasts was drunk in punch strong enough to satisfy a Russian, and thus we, with no cloud over our spirits, without a thought of the uncertainties of the future, which, it must be confessed, come to all of us at times, cheered by the companionship of sympathetic friends, and unconsciously exalted by the ineffaceable memories of the festival at home, pricked off a red-letter day in our calendar. Who can tell when and where we shall put another indelible mark to record an event to be remembered in the history we are helping to make?

A slight accident to the machinery on the afternoon of the 5th stopped the revolution of the screw for five hours and more. The teeming life on the boat seemed suspended

Rafael Munoz. Rafael Marxuach. José Budet. Mateo Fajardo. Emilio Gonzalez. Domingo Collazo.

P. J. Besoso. W. P. Sutton. General Antonio Mattei Lluvéras.

PUERTO-RICAN COMMISSIONERS ACCOMPANYING GENERAL MILES'S ARMY.

Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News.

for a moment at the sudden pause in the forward motion, and then took a new and more active start. Sharks were seen in great numbers, and several were hauled up the side, but each one succeeded in breaking away just as the men with cheers and laughter had hauled his vicious head up to the rail. This pastime was perforce suspended as soon as the screw began to churn the water again and the monotony of the trip, if that can be called monotony which is a succession of amusing human incidents. Then naturally all thoughts were turned toward Honolulu. The last day before reaching port was the happiest day of the week on the water. Eager to have a run on shore, and anticipating pleasures which I am afraid did not fully materialize, imagining prospective beauties of tropical scenery which were more than realized, the whole ship's company were in a state of mild exultation. The quartermasters issued shore-going suits of tan-colored linen, with thin underwear, and the non-commissioned officers made up their squads for landing. The excitement of trying on the new clothes and the occupation of letter-writing made the day seem all too short. The officers appeared shy as schoolboys at first in suits of gray linen with blue or red trimmings. Helmets of unexpected shape and startling size were produced, and, but for the knowledge that this was to be only a brief pause in our voyage, we should all have felt much as the passengers on an Atlantic liner do when Queenstown is passed or the Lizard sighted. The hazy outlines of Molokai shimmered in the distant horizon to the south just before sunset.

When we landed, early in the morning, the little town was already given over to peaceful military occupation. Soldiers everywhere, most of them, following the pleasant custom of the island, decorated with wreaths of pinks and garlands of fragrant leaves and flowers. In the shade of great trees and palm-thatched bowers in the grounds of the old palace tables were laid, heavy with tropical fruits and more solid food; and already, long before noon, hundreds of ladies had assembled to welcome the soldiers, and, after the feast was over, Mrs. Dole and her friends held an informal reception on the green. Hawaiian hospitality has unique and fascinating elements of grace and picturesqueness in it which make such a festival as I have briefly alluded to the most perfect in the world. Nor are the men who enjoy it unworthy of it or unappreciative of its rare qualities. Marshal Brown, who is at the head of the police force of the island, informs me that up to this date not a single arrest of a soldier has been made, and not a disturbance of the peace of any kind has been reported to him. This, with all restraints of discipline temporarily suspended, with all the excitement of novel surroundings and the temptations of abundant hospitality, proves the temper of the men, and is worth as much to the cause they are fighting for as a victory in the field.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES ON BOARD THE STEAMER "NEWPORT" OF NEW YORK ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1898.

1. Prayer	Chaplain Doherty.
2. "Star-spangled Banner"	Astor Battery Glee Club.
3. Declaration of Independence	Read by Major C. H. Whipple.
4. "America"	Astor Battery Glee Club.
5. Oration	Chaplain Doherty.
6. "Red, White, and Blue"	Astor Battery Glee Club.

Officers and enlisted men will assemble in front of the officers' cabins, on the hurricane-deck, 11.30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

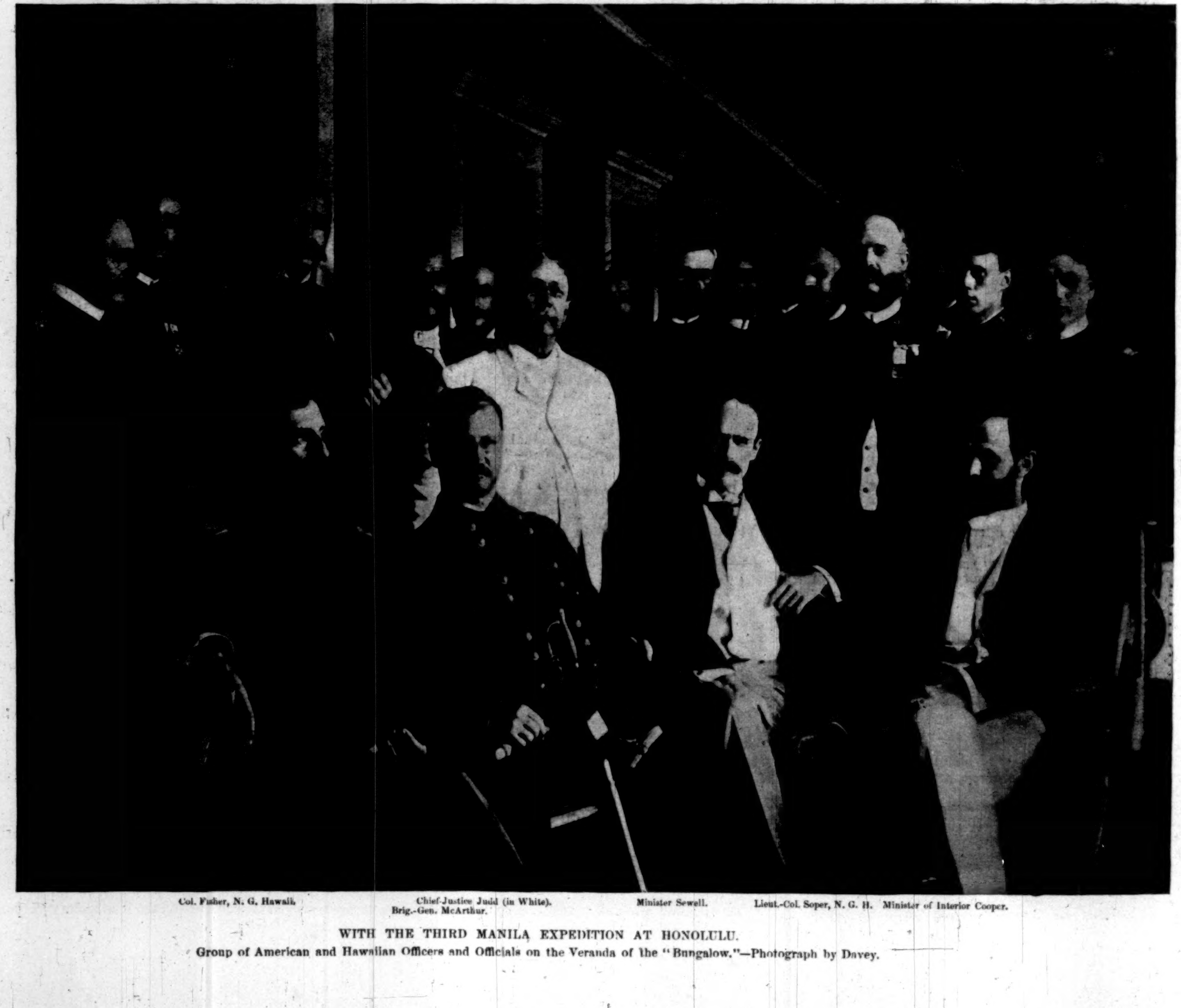
Colonel Pope, Colonel McClure, Major Kilbourne, Major Strother, Major Bement, and Captain March.

TOASTS AFTER LUNCH.

1. Our Country and Our President	Major-General Merritt.
2. Nations Friendly To Us and the Queen of England	Mr. Frank D. Millet.
3. Our General Commanding the Army of the Philippines	Colonel McClure.
4. A Modern Crusade	General Babcock.
5. The Day We Celebrate	Mr. Murat Halstead.
6. The Girls We Left Behind Us	General Whittier.
7. The Army and The Navy	Colonel Crowder.
8. Our Good Ship *Newport*, and Her Gallant Captain and Crew: To be drunk standing	Captain Saunders.

Three Cheers for General Merritt and the Day We Celebrate.

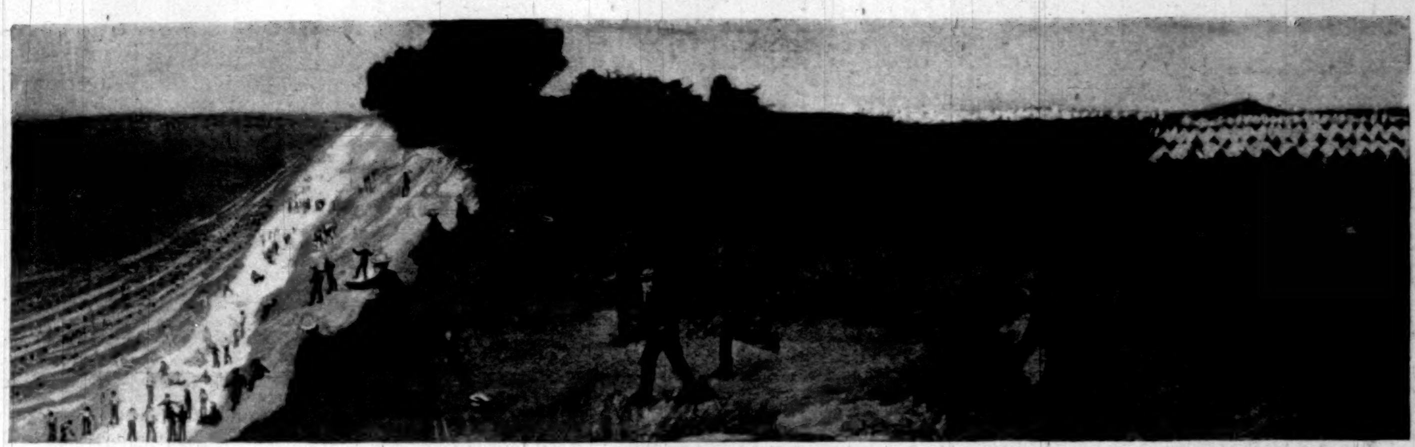
F. D. MILLET.



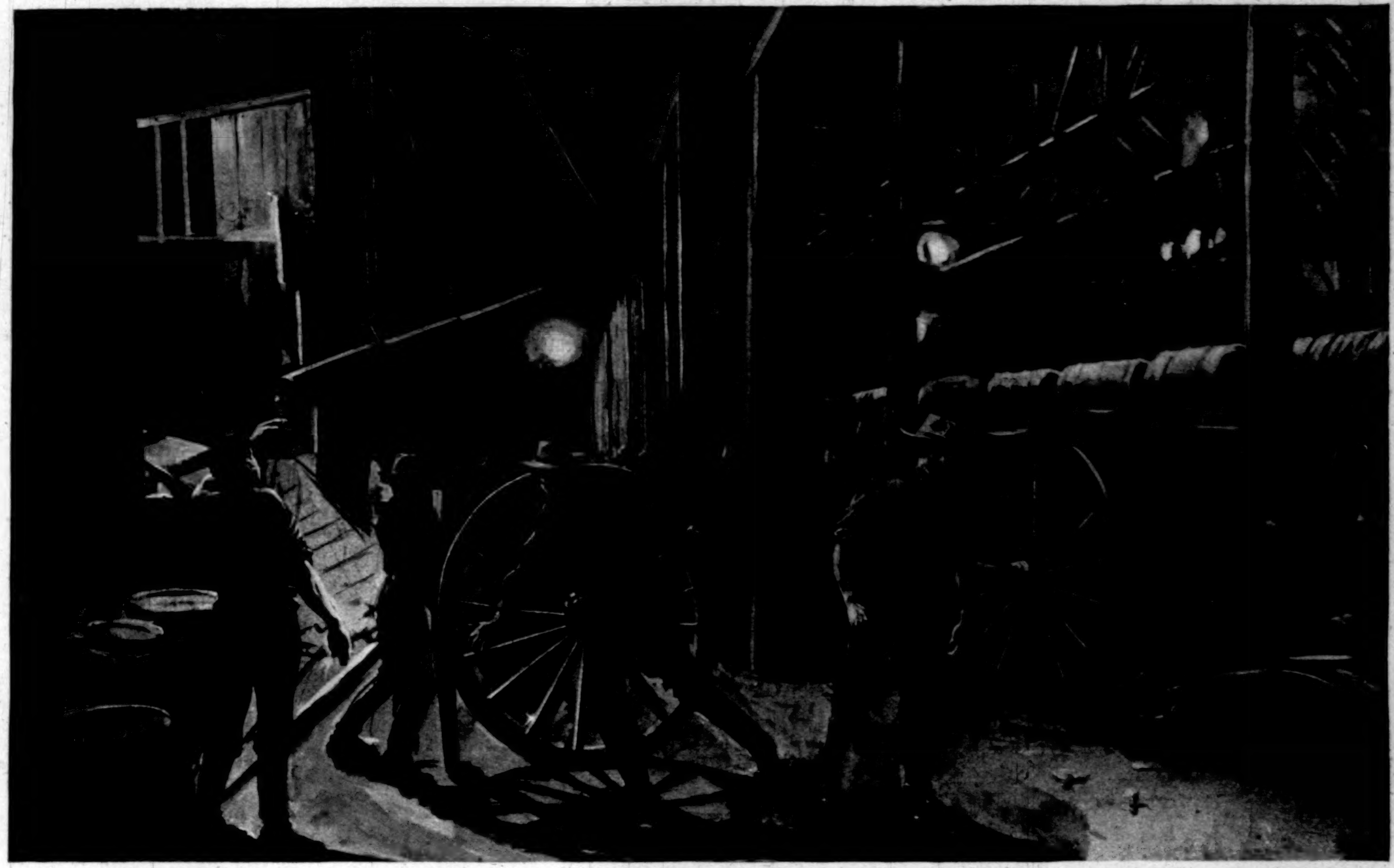
Col. Fisher, N. G. Hawaii. Chief-Justice Judd (in White). Brig.-Gen. McArthur. Minister Sewell. Lieut.-Col. Soper, N. G. H. Minister of Interior Cooper.

WITH THE THIRD MANILA EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU.

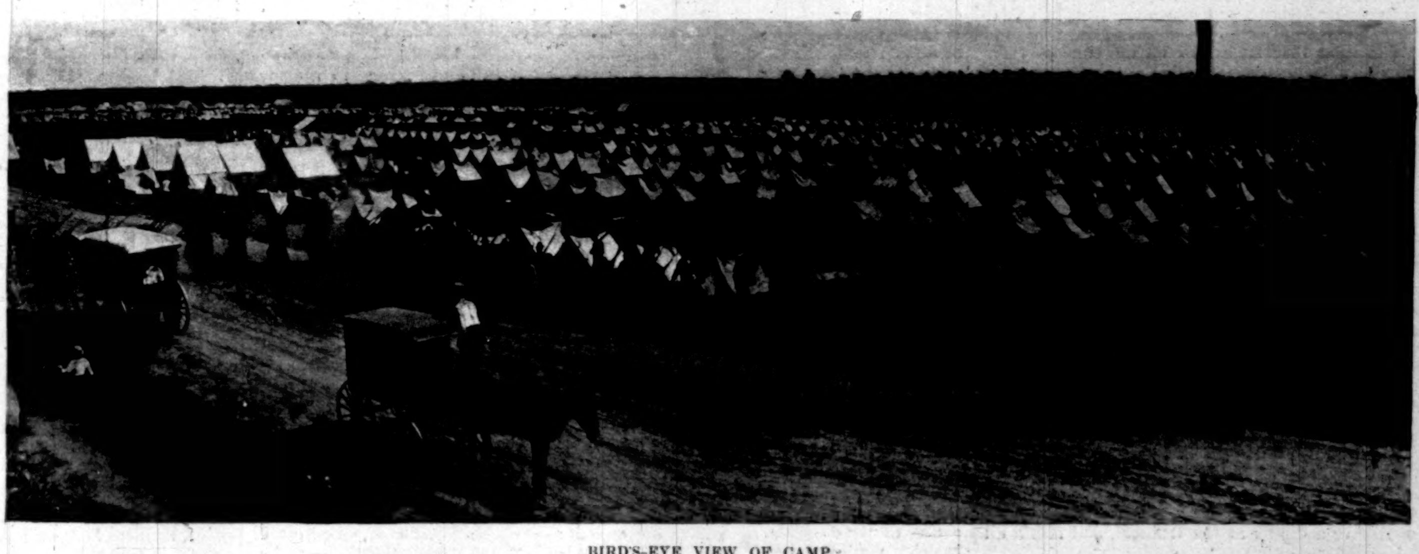
Group of American and Hawaiian Officers and Officials on the Veranda of the "Bungalow."—Photograph by Davey.



TROOPS JUST ARRIVED RUSHING FOR A SWIM IN THE SURF.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



LOADING LIGHT ARTILLERY ON BOARD THE TRANSPORTS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP.
Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News, Virginia.

OFF FOR PUERTO RICO—SCENES AT NEWPORT NEWS.

COMMISSIONERS TO PUERTO RICO.

On the opposite page is a picture of the group of Puerto-Rican commissioners who were selected, under direction of General Miles, by former Consul-General Warner P. Sutton and Captain Whitney of General Miles's staff, to land in Puerto Rico with our army and apprise the people of their several localities of the present status of the war between the United States and Spain, and of the intention of the United States to annex Puerto Rico.

They are to give their former neighbors a general idea of our institutions, and of the advantages to Puerto Rico which will follow annexation. They went to the island on the cruiser *St. Louis*.

Their intention, as set forth by General Mattei and Mr. Fajardo, is to establish newspapers at once in Puerto Rico, through which, as well as by circulars, the announcements of General Miles may be circulated in the island. The Puerto Rico Junta in New York has advocated independence rather than annexation, but these commissioners have all along been annexationists, and were chosen for their present duty largely on that ground. Mr. Sutton has a large acquaintance in Puerto Rico, and understands the people there, and being on terms of warm friendship with the annexationist leaders, is likely to be very useful in promoting good feeling between the people of the island and our forces.

The fact that the commissioners seem to have got their flag upside down indicates that they are not quite used to it yet; but the American flag is already much more familiar to the Puerto-Ricans than it was when the picture was made.

THE TRUCE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Chaffee's Headquarters, *July 10, 1898.*

It is Sunday at the trenches. A truce is on, and the band that helped the wounded in the wake of Chaffee's charging brigade is playing "Calvary."

"Hosanna!"

It is the most cheerful spot on a battle-field—the trenches—and a comparatively safe spot for the non-combatant even during action. Men at the front see their comrades drop, usually, without an outcry, and pass on, if advancing, under an excitement of conflict that quickly makes them callous. At the trenches, and after sharp action is over, the dead are buried; the wounded and the sick are carried to the rear—to be seen no more, unless they come back to take a place in the ranks again. The firing dies down to the popping duel of sharp-shooters and the uncanny whistle of a vagrant shell. A short peace of reaction follows, which quiets the strained nerves, but does not last long; the men get restless and impatient quickly. But while they may sit in the sun by day and sleep in the mud at night, as they did here before Santiago, they are saved contact with that ghastly road of choking odors and choking memories that leads through the rear, and to the still pitiful pictures under the hospital tents at Siboney. Moreover, during action the Spanish fire sweeps that same road between the base of the hill under the trenches and the woods, and makes the zone of just getting to the front or just getting away more dangerous even than the front itself; and then to the man who must go to the rear there has always been the inglorious and enraging possibility of being potted in the back by a sharp-shooter from a royal palm or a mango-tree. Lastly, the bands play up and down the lines, and, especially when a truce comes, a curious spirit of holiday pervades the air. There is nothing more incongruous, nothing more grotesque, on the field after a battle than the sight of a bass-drum or a big bass-horn lying, as I saw several on the afternoon of July 1, just under the conquered Spanish trenches. But it is very fine and inspiriting next morning to hear both booming to a Sousa march or a jolly negro melody; and it is moving beyond words just now to hear "Calvary" swelling reverently overhead, and breaking gently against the still green spires that far up the valley thrust themselves now and then into cloud-land.

"Hosanna! Glory to God!"

The wind is gentle and cool, the air is clear and brilliant, the sun shines, the mountains are divine in majesty and peace, but it is glory to the God of Battles that band is playing now, for the memories of Caney still bleed, and with more than half a circle of bayonets we invest Santiago; a truce is on, and we are expecting the Spaniard to give up his plucky fight.

Last night Major-General Lawton, who is never to be caught napping, for the reason that he never seems to sleep (I believe he never went to his cot the first week except to have the shirt in which he came ashore restored to its original color), shot out his right flank a mile and a half, so that, with the Cubans, out of whom he can get more work than any other general in the army, he holds El Cobre road—the last avenue of escape for the Spanish to the hills.

General Ludlow is next the Cubans, and keen, watchful, untiring Chaffee—a major-general too, since his reckless courage and strong fight at Caney—touches Ludlow's left flank on one side, and, on the other, the right flank of that nimble old veteran, who scales trees for personal reconnoissance and mounts his horse for battle from an ambulance—General Wheeler. Of this division, and of the whole line, indeed, Colonel Roosevelt of course has the shortest air-line from his rifle-pits to the Spanish trenches. Kent's division starts from Wheeler, following ever the throttling sweep of a circle.

So that the wings of the army are more than half shut, like the wings of our bird of freedom when he drops through the air for prey. Therefore we have sent the Spaniard word that unless he gives up the fight this day the awful rending of beak and claws shall begin again, and the iron wings shall be folded closer. Meanwhile the little men in light blue sit calmly on the edge of their trenches and smoke cigarettes, while the big men in dark blue sit on the edge of theirs and good-humoredly cast tobacco juice towards Santiago. Down in the hollows midway between the lines are Spanish soldiers and American soldiers gathering yams and mangoes, with only a narrow cocoanut grove between them. For half an hour I watched two of the Americans trying to round up and drive into our lines half a dozen horses that were running loose in a field and belonged to Spanish officers, until a major, fearing that the mischievous dare-devils might bring on an engagement during a truce, sent a lieutenant down to stop them. The lieutenant rode a gray mule as a flag of truce, and I rode down with him, but the Spaniards paid as little attention to us as they paid to the men we were after, and the lieutenant rebuked these men with a stern severity in his voice that was not, I'm sure, in his heart, and they let the horses alone. At one point along the line two Spanish officers came towards our trenches and signalled for our officers to approach, which they did. The Spaniards said they had been trying to get over for two days, and I am told they were good fellows; that they brought along a little rum, and Spaniard and American drank mutual healths, and swore with equal heartiness at the Cuban, and declared that motive of the war a wicked shame. And by-and-by, when peace was come, they would have a dinner at the Waldorf, and talk it all over, and be decorously merry.

However, the rumor now is that the Spaniards are not going to surrender to-day, and we begin firing at noon. Meanwhile we have given the enemy nine round days of fair weather in which to recover his spirits, gather yams, and make good and ready for his fight in the last ditch.

There are many others besides us who are anxious to get into Santiago—eighteen thousand others, indeed—the half-starved refugees who came out of Santiago when we announced that we meant to shell the town, and are waiting at the little conquered town of Caney for the time when they may go home again. I was there yesterday afternoon under the guidance of the Major, with whom I came down on the *Iroquois*, and it is a distressing scene. The town is built about a plaza, and the houses—those that are not thatched hovels—are low, and have blue walls and red-tiled roofs. At the head of the plaza stands a big and very old cathedral, which is a storehouse just now for Uncle Sam, whose generous right hand reaches daily from the door to give rations to his enemy as to himself, while the left stays under his coat tails unknowing. They are mostly women and children, the refugees—white women, yellow women, brown women, and black women; and babies black, babies brown, babies yellow, and white babies: ludicrous mites, some of them, and nearly all as naked as they were at birth. Some of the women were the wives and widows of Spanish officers, and the few men in the crowd were sick or aged or straggling Cubans. Most of the refugees expected to be out of Santiago only a day or two, so even the well-to-do were hungry, and the poor and the reconcentrados were nearly starved. The distribution of rations, in spite of priest and soldiers, was in consequence little more than a moblike fight for hardtack. It is such a town as would have about one thousand inhabitants in our States. Imagine, then, how these refugees are crowded! The plaza is a swarm of women and children; the streets, the curb-stones, the narrow sidewalks, are massed with women and children; so are the porches, door-steps, doorways, hallways; the back yards and side yards are full, and so is the little creek that runs between the town and the shattered stone fort which Chaffee stormed. And always the cry is, "Mucha hambre! mucha hambre!" But when they are not hungry they are as laughing and light-hearted as though they had not a care in the world and would never get hungry again. Not one over five years of age and under sixty but knew the Major—who had been playing the part of a summer Santa Claus in the town—and had a smile for him; and for each the Major had a smile, while the fat little priest who gave out the bread called him his brother, and embraced him as such. And how the dusky groups of roguish girls in the porches flashed dark eyes and white teeth at him as he rode by, and how the Major smiled back and loved it all!

The Major has done his work well. During the fight around Caney, his duties led him several times into the "jaws of hell," as he says, and he went in—not without flinching, for the Major is frank, but he went in. Once he was sent with a guard of five troopers to find General Ludlow.

"The bullets in one lane were like hail," said the Major. "'Don't go down there, sir,' said a soldier. 'You'll be killed. General Ludlow is back there.' I rode back through that awful lane. 'Where is General Ludlow?' I said to a soldier. 'General Ludlow—' he said, and a bullet caught him in the forehead, and he fell dead. I was sent to another place, and another, and I couldn't find him. Finally I went to an old officer. 'Colonel,' I said, 'I've been looking for General Ludlow for two hours, and can't find him. I've got five troopers here. I'm not married myself, and of course I don't care for myself, but they're all married men, and I've got to think of them. I don't want to risk their lives any more. Now, I'm a tenderfoot, and I ask you frankly what ought I to do?' 'Don't you report to your superior officer,' said the Colonel, 'until you have found General Ludlow.' That was enough for me, and off I started, but I said to the troopers, 'You needn't come; not a one of you.' But every one came. Once I got ahead of our own line. I heard a click, looked up, and there was a Spanish picket-post not fifty yards away, with their guns levelled. I lay down on my horse and skipped. The bullets whistled, but I wasn't touched. Finally I did find him. 'This way, Webb, my boy,' he called from the woods. It was hot in there. 'Stoop, sir; stoop,' said a soldier; and as I stooped the poor fellow himself got a bullet in the breast. 'Here you are,' called the general, who was standing straight, with his shoulders squared. I straightened up my backbone too, though I never felt so humble in my life, and I gave my message and started away. When I had got off fifty yards the general called me back through that death-hole. I left again, and if he didn't call me back *again!* 'General,' I said, 'for God's sake, don't call me back any more.' He laughed, and didn't; and here I am."

So, now that promotions rustle the Cuban air, the Major says frankly, and with logic and justice: "If I am a staff-officer, put me back in the rear and let me be ornamental. If I am to have duties steadily on the firing-line and ahead of it, as I had, and do them, as I did—here's So-and-so and So-and-so being made colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general—what do I get?"

Noon now, and the Spaniards decline to surrender. We shall begin bombarding at four. Meanwhile here is the story of the day's advance towards Santiago, brought up by a croaker from the rear: The correspondent's hammock swung, at corps headquarters, from the limb of a mango-tree. The siege-guns were behind because the roads were bad; the pack-mules tramped through mud; the wagons creaked through mire; and men on foot—even the wounded one day—waded the bridgeless creek four or five times between front and the rear, and yet a body of volunteers and an engineer or two were busy all morning cutting a wagon-road through thick brush to the top of a low hill about three-quarters of a mile away. At noon, while staff-officers, aides, and attachés were at lunch, came the order to move camp. Lunch stopped short, off hustled aide and attaché, the big wagons rolled in, and there was a great falling of tents and a mighty bustle for fear the wagons might roll out again before each man had his outfit tossed in. Such was the hurry that even the solemn and elegant attachés hurriedly helped to fold their own things. Out came the guard of mounted troopers; out the guard of infantry; out the Spanish prisoners; and out the correspondents, who sought to keep in touch with the source of the done, the doing, and the undone; out came the commanding general, mounted, and with his left foot swathed; out the very tall aide and the courtly inspector-general and other members of the staff; out the attachés and their orderlies and servants—all mounted—everybody mounted except the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents, whose horses were left behind at Tampa. The general led the way, followed by the very tall aide, the courtly inspector-general, the other staff-officers, the attachés, the troopers, the three big army-wagons with their six-mule teams, the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents—and the long train wound laboriously along and up the wagon-road cut that morning through thick brush by engineer and volunteer, when the one road from front to rear was muddy and bridgeless, and the siege-guns were still where they staid till the end—behind. Now and then the procession halted for axemen to clean out a bush and broaden the road here and there, but in time it crawled slowly to the top of the hill. There the general swept horizon and hill with his eye for perhaps three minutes. Then he turned his horse. The very tall aide turned his horse. The courtly inspector-general, the aides, and attachés turned theirs. Turned, too, the heavy wagons, creaking, and the six mules each; turned troopers, infantry, Spanish prisoners; turned correspondents—aside into the grass to laugh; and as the long train wound up, so wound it down—down the trail that engineer and volunteer had laboriously cut through thick brush that morning, and back to the same still smoking camp. There the general swept the scene with his eye, rode to a fresh spot a little way off, and halted. And there, one hundred yards from where it sat before, sits the general's camp to-day. The hammock of the correspondent swings from the same limb of the mango-tree.

The poor wounded have had a hard time. Apparently the powers thought there were not going to be any wounded; and, without doubt, few on Cuban soil dreamed there would be so many. The wounded at Las Guasimas were carried three miles to Siboney by hand, for when that fight was over not a wagon for ammunition, supplies, or hospital needs was on shore.

Especially at Caney, men not seriously wounded lay for hours awaiting their turn after the men who were worse hurt. Nowhere were hospital preparations complete enough in tents, medicine, nurses, or surgeons, on the field, in the rear, or at Siboney. At Siboney the surgeons had not time to get the names, or even to count the number brought in. If you wanted to see a wounded friend, you had to walk the aisle between the row of bandaged soldiers, until you found him. And the way those brave fellows took their suffering! Sometimes the jolting ambulances were too much, and soldiers would pray for the driver, when he stopped, not to start again. One man groaned. "Grit yer teeth," said another, an old Irish sergeant, sternly—"grit yer teeth; there's others that's hurt here except you."

The sergeant himself was shot through the head, and thereafter no man in that ambulance uttered a sound. It was the slightly hurt, the men who were wounded in the leg or arm, who made the most noise.

Three men were brought into a hospital from San Juan. The surgeon took the one who was groaning. He had a mere scratch on one leg. Another was dressed, and as the third sat silently on a chair, still another was attended, and another, before the surgeon turned to the man who was so patiently awaiting his turn.

"Where are you hurt?"

The man pointed to his left side.

"Through?"

"Yes, sir."

I have told of that wounded courtier Cosby, who, feverish, trembling, with a scraped temple, a badly wounded hand, and a bullet in his chest, staggered painfully some ten miles, waving off all assistance, and confessing at last, as he sat on the beach, in the broiling sun, waiting to be taken to a hospital-ship, that if it were handy, and could be got without too much trouble, he thought he would like a canned peach. Well, out from the firing-line at Caney staggered a soldier with half his face shot away, and went staggering to the rear without aid. On the way he met a mounted staff-officer, and he raised his hand to his hatless, bleeding forehead, in a stern salute, and without a gesture for aid, staggered on. The officer's eyes filled with tears.

"Lieutenant," said a trooper, "I'm wounded."

"Can you get to the rear without help?"

"I think I can, sir," and he started. After twenty paces he pitched forward—dead. His wound was through the heart.

Such are the men who sleep in Cuban soil, who lie in the hospitals and on the transports at Siboney and on the big white relief-ship, that was as grateful a gift from home as though it had come from the Almighty Himself. And such are the men who might have been saved death or suffering if we had had, as we should have had, a right proportion of sixty cannon instead of sixteen. The source of the trouble seems to have been in our underestimate of the Spaniards in the trenches. And yet the Spaniards have always been famous for guerilla warfare and strong fighting from behind breastworks. In times when the Spanish sailor would take to his knees rather than climb a mast in a storm, his brother on shore and intrenched was giving Napoleon such trouble as that general rarely had with any foe.

It is now half past three, and firing will begin at four. An army buckboard, drawn by a mule and driven by a large gentleman in a pith helmet, is moving along the base of the hill. Here and there a major or colonel, or perhaps a brigadier-general, looks stern. Some of the captains smile. A lieutenant or two grins broadly, and the sarcastic private in the trenches curses bitterly. Our commanding general is passing by.

I have just come down from the trenches to Roosevelt's tent. The hill under the firing-line looks like the abode of cave-dwellers, so burrowed is it with bomb-proofs, which are merely shallow earth caves dug into the side of a hill with the point of a bayonet, and covered with flat projecting roofs of planks and layers of dirt. The men dug bomb-proofs and trenches most willingly, especially the negro troopers. "Foh God," said one, as he swung his pick at dusk after the fight of San Juan, "I never thought I'd git to love a pick befoh!"

The men up at the trenches are ready. Their cartridges are piled along the edge of the pits—in the tops of corn-beef cans, on pieces of boards, in little hollows scooped from the dirt—and everybody is eager and expectant. Sergeant Borrowe, bronzed and grimy, is at the breech of his long dynamite-gun, as keen for another experiment as a child with a Christmas toy that he has not fully mastered. A young German stands at a machine-gun not far away.

"It iss nervous at first," he says, "just waiting. But after the shooting begins it iss all right. I hear no bullets—nutting—the gun makes so much noise. Two of my men were killed the udder day, and I shoot on for two hours and not know it."

Across the air-line from Roosevelt's outermost trench I could see a group of Spanish officers ride hastily to the little house opposite and then gallop along the line. Those fellows seem to do things with great ceremony across there. The officers were evidently giving orders when to begin fire, for, as they passed, the straw hats began to drop out of sight in the Spanish trenches. Pretty soon the Spanish flag went up, about one hundred yards from the still flying flag of truce. Then down came the white flag, and up it went again—whimsically. Then a Spaniard seized it, shook it across at the Americans, and pulled it down permanently. But no Spaniard fired. He rarely does first; he is too polite, I suppose.

So we are waiting in Roosevelt's tent for our signal-gun, which is to thunder out on the right flank. A storm is coming. There is vertical lightning up and down the big black mountains in the east. The wind is high, and blowing the plumes of the palm towards Santiago. After it comes a thick gray mist of rain from the mountains, and the drops strike the tent overhead. It is three minutes after four, and no signal-gun yet. I suppose we are waiting for the storm to pass.

"Have you read *Salammbô?*" asks a voice outside, with an intonation that one hears in a Harvard class-room; "and do you remember Hanno, the fat general, who lay in the shade and scratched himself with a golden spatula?"

Nobody answers; that first shot comes!

An hour and a half later, and the firing has quieted down to the popping duel of the sharp-shooters. We are in the tent again, and an occasional Mauser ball whistles overhead. It is curious, but even the tent-flaps seem to to be some sort of a protection against those nasty little insects. The bombardment was, after all, very mild, and this is how it seemed: When the first gun roared to the right, a rattling ran down the line towards us, and the Mausers began to pop and sing. Everybody sprang to his feet and followed Colonel Roosevelt up the hill, each man bending low to lessen the danger surface that his anatomy presented to the bullets coming over the hill. Davis forgot his glasses, and coolly went back for them. I waited for him a while—a very little while—but when several bullets spat around me rather viciously and rather near, I accepted the hospitable invitation of two Rough Riders and crawled under a bomb-proof, between Lieutenant Greenway and Captain Llewellyn. There were about twenty of us in there. The planks overhead were thin, the cracks between them were wide, and the dirt on top was shallow — very shallow. "We're all right except for the shrapnel," said the captain several times. Every now and then a soldier would stick his head outside, or go out to light his pipe or for some other reason, and the captain would call him down sharply:

"Get down there! We don't want to be bothered with wounded men now. Get down!"

We could hear the steady flutter of the machine-gun, the rapid-fire Colt's going like an old-fashioned mowing machine in a meadow, and now and then a shell.

"All right," repeated the captain, "except for the shrapnel."

And the shrapnel were friendly; I could not tell that a ball touched the bomb-proof. The Spaniards were not firing heavily. They were evidently saving their ammunition and waiting for another wild American charge—which never came; and so the bombardment ended in about an hour, as the rain had ended—in a slow patter, an occasional drop, and then in stillness. Indeed, I can almost liken an action of this sort at the trenches to an expected rain-storm in which there is a good deal of lightning. It thunders, the drops begin to patter, and you run for shelter, and you lie in comfort and in safety, except for the chance of being struck by lightning, which flashes sometimes uncomfortably near. By-and-by the storm passes, the rain quiets down to random drops, and you come out into the air, look around at the heavens, and stretch yourself.

Loud cheering rose at the trenches as we turned away, and somebody said that Sergeant Borrowe had tossed a Spanish cannon, a tree, and a mass of mingled breastwork and Spaniards into the air with one charge from his terrible gun. At General Wheeler's headquarters, further down, the report was that the Rough Riders, without orders, had charged along their air-line and had captured the Spanish trenches. Somebody said the one rumor was not true, but nobody seemed to think the other at all improbable.

There was but one fatality on our side that afternoon, and that was a tragedy. On the left flank Captain Rowell of the Second Infantry was instantly killed by a Spanish shell. As a first lieutenant he had waited twenty years for promotion, and his promotion outran his death but a few days.

THE SURRENDER.

Next morning, after the Sunday bombardment, we sent word over to ask the Spaniard if now he would be good. General Toral replied that he would at least be better if the home government would let him. So we gave him time until the following Thursday in which to communicate with Madrid. In the beginning he declined any and all terms of surrender; then an unconditional surrender; then he was willing to march out with the full honors of war, bearing his arms, with his flag flying, and the American soldier doing it homage, to march into another province, and thus be ready to fight us again some day. Now he was considering any terms that did not involve humiliation to Spanish honor and Spanish pride. Meanwhile the heroic figure of General Miles had appeared one fine morning, superbly mounted, and a reverent "Praise God!" ran along the lines. And General Randolph, too, of the artillery. I saw the latter at the front but once. He disappeared then, but I noticed that guns began to roll up from the rear as though they had wings, and I knew the siege-guns, if needed, would follow, even if they had mountains to climb. There was nobody who did not have a cheerful eye on General Randolph.

Thursday came, and the word went around that the Spaniard had come down from his high horse. He would stack his arms, march out, evacuate the province, surrender all the troops in it—some 20,000—and in return we should feed them and carry them back to Spain. The sunny air straightway was rent with cheers. The sickest man in one regiment sprang from his blanket and led all his comrades in a foot-race for the trenches, there to join in the hallelujahs. Still, the doubting were suspicious. The wily Spaniard must be up to some game. Perhaps he was contemplating general peace at Madrid, and perhaps he was merely "working" our opulent government for the transportation of as many of his troops as possible, where sooner or later they would have to go—home. Maybe he really thought we were 50,000 strong—a French refugee had brought out word that such was the Spanish belief at Santiago—and on this supposition not one

(*Continued on page 804.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

INFANT HEALTH.

INQUIRIES prompted the publication of "Infant Health" in pamphlet form, by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., and the appreciation of its value led to an elaborate edition. Sent on application.—[*Adv.*]

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To the inquiry we often receive, "What Waltham watch shall I buy?" we say that the "Riverside" (trade-mark) is as good a timepiece as you can buy, either of American or foreign make, no matter what you pay. See the name "Riverside" as well as the word "Waltham" engraved on the movement plate.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,
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"Whose smoke like incense doth perfume.
—TITUS ANDRON

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Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

VICI Leather Dressing

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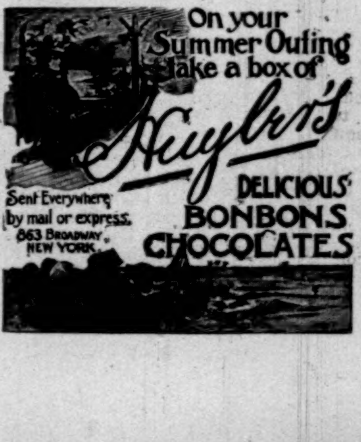

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JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, -	$1,000,000.00
Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$22,868,994.16
Liabilities, . . .	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12
July 1, 1898.	
Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities, . .	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,244,695.24
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, ...	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), . . .	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force, .	94,646,669.00

GAINS.
6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets, ...	$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), . .	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves, . .	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months,	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
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Our name spells—

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(*Continued from page 803.*)

of the men who loved our commanding general least but gave him full credit for his bull-dog persistency and for the stark audacity of his first demands. But the Spaniard, whatever his reason, was this time in earnest, and out under the peace tree between the lines a commission was appointed on each side to draw up the terms. The surrender was sure, and a courteous Englishman raised his hat to the victorious general, and asked if he would be permitted to enter Santiago and witness the raising of the flag. Rasping oaths form the chief part of the general's vocabulary.

"Not a —— —— rod," the Englishman was told, violently. "If any newspaper man goes into that town I'll have him shot —— ——."

Therefore the obedient and the orderly went quietly back to their transports at Siboney, while the disobedient or the disbelieving remained on the field and marched into Santiago and saw the colors raised.

It happened at noon on Sunday, the 17th. The soldiers were drawn up at parade rest along the great ten-mile circle of the trenches and stood facing Santiago. They could see nothing—only the red roofs of the town—but the batteries were to thunder word when the red and yellow flag of defeat went down and the victorious stars and stripes rose up. While they waited, men in straw hats and blue clothes appeared in an open field towards Santiago and began swinging hammocks and tethering horses, while men in Panama hats advanced to the American trenches, saluting courteously. The Americans sprang across the trenches to meet them, and while they were shaking hands, and on the stroke of twelve, the thunder of twoscore and one salutes began. The Spaniards looked rather startled, but the cheers rose and they understood. From the right rose the cheers, gathering volume as they came, swinging through the centre far to the left, and swinging through the centre back again, until they broke in a wild storm against the big green hills. Then to the rear the storm ran, over Las Guasimas, and down the foothills to be mingled with the surf at Siboney, and swung by the rocking transports out to sea. Under the sea too it sang, along the cables—to ring through the white corridors of the great Capitol, and spread like a hurricane through our own waiting land. Already the bands were playing when the force of it broke at the trenches—playing the "Star-spangled Banner"—and the soldiers cheered again. Then they grew quiet—the bands were playing hymns: old, old hymns that the soldier had heard, with bowed head and at his mother's side, in some little old country church at home; and what hardship, privations, wounds, death of comrades, had rarely done those old hymns did now—they brought the tears. Then some thoughtful soldier pulled a box of hardtack across the trenches, and the little Spanish soldiers fell upon it like schoolboys, and scrambled like pickaninnies for a penny.

Thus was it all around the shining circle of sheathed bayonets, silent carbines, and dumb cannon mouths, at the American trenches around Santiago where the fighting was done. And inside, under the very folds of the ever-victorious, ever-beloved Old Glory—what there?

At that very hour the commanding officer was suffering himself to be involved in a street squabble, and demeaning himself, his flag, the people whom he served, and the soldiers whose worship he should have earned. It does not matter much whose was the first blow struck, or whether a blow was struck at all; there was no excuse for correspondent or general, and the word or the blow, or both, from one, at such a time, was a stroke at the pride of the American soldier, the American officer, and the American gentleman from a man who at all times, and particularly then, should have stood a spotless ideal for the three.

"He will not wear his uniform again?" asked the aghast foreigner.

The American laughed—"Won't he?" And then he went on to explain apologetically how our political system made the appointment of such a man to such high office and his maintenance in that office possible, and to add seriously that though another star were added to the ones already worn, though enough were given to quite encircle the neck-band of his blouse—all, in the eyes of every true American, would be dimmed by such conduct at such an hour, forever,

JOHN FOX, JR.

SAMPSON AND SCHLEY AT SANTIAGO.

THE following letter comes to HARPER'S WEEKLY from one who writes from a full knowledge of the subject with which he deals:

My Dear ——:

You have read, doubtless, with surprise and regret, the various newspaper despatches and editorials which endeavor to make Schley the hero of Santiago, and to take from Sampson—the commander-in-chief—the credit of his successful campaign and his great victory. I am glad to say that it has not degenerated into a controversy. Schley's friends and the sensational newspaper correspondents have had it all their own way so far; but if the crusade should continue, and have any influence upon Congressional action next fall, the whole history of the Santiago campaign will be made public. The officers of this fleet will not see Schley—who is entitled to no credit for leadership—honored at the expense of the commander-in-chief, who instituted and carried out, in this age of steam and electricity, a blockade which made Cervera's escape impossible, and which makes a brilliant chapter in the history of modern naval warfare.

I think you will be interested in a few facts concerning these operations. I would like you, as a citizen and as the editor of a great weekly, to know the truth. To begin, I go back more than two months. We reached Key West, after the San Juan expedition, on May 18. Cervera had left Curaçoa on the 15th. His destination was probably Cienfuegos, as he was reported to have munitions of war necessary to the defence of Havana, and Cienfuegos is the only deep-water port on the south side of Cuba that has rail communication with Havana. Schley left Key West on May 19th, with the *Brooklyn*, the *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*, for the south side of Cuba, to blockade Cienfuegos. On the next day the battle-ship *Iowa*, the cruiser *Castine*, and a collier followed to join him, and on the 21st the *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen*. Schley himself reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, and the other vessels joined him within 48 hours. He thus had a powerful fleet of three battle-ships, one armored cruiser, two protected cruisers, three armed auxiliaries, and 4500 tons of coal in a collier. Admiral Sampson . . . . gave Schley his best battle-ship—the *Iowa*—two cruisers, and two auxiliaries (the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion* were Schley's own ships, belonging to the "Flying Squadron"), and gave him the best chance of meeting and defeating the Spanish fleet. I mention this to show the kind of man that Sampson is, and in view of the newspaper charges that he has attempted to take away Schley's due credit. He has no jealousies, but is animated only by a desire successfully to carry on the war.

It soon became known that Cervera was at Santiago, and had reached there on the 19th. As soon as the news was credibly confirmed—on May 21st—Sampson sent despatches to Schley so informing him, and directing him to proceed to Santiago, first satisfying himself that the Spanish ships were not at Cienfuegos. Schley received these despatches on the 23d. It took him another day to convince himself that the Spanish squadron was not in Cienfuegos, and on the evening of the 24th he sailed for Santiago—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in the direction of Santiago; for, from the time Schley arrived at Cienfuegos, his movements lacked promptness and purpose. The distance from Cienfuegos to Santiago is 300 miles—twenty-five hours at Schley's best squadron speed—twelve knots. The object being to blockade and hold Cervera, his plain duty was to reach Santiago as soon as possible and institute a close blockade. It was not doubted that he would do this. Leaving Cienfuegos in the evening of May 24, he should have reached Santiago before midnight of the 25th. But he did not blockade Santiago until the evening of the *28th of May*—four days after sailing from Cienfuegos. Why not, has never been satisfactorily explained. He proceeded to the eastward, and reached the vicinity of Santiago, but thirty miles to the southward, on May 26th. On the 27th he started west, signalling to his squadron that he *was going back to Key West* (800 miles) to coal, and telegraphed the department to this effect; but before he had gone very far he was overhauled by the *Harvard* with a telegram which turned him back again, and on the 28th he appeared off Santiago, and lay off the port until Admiral Sampson came on June 1.

I have thus particularized the incidents of the last ten days of May because the statement has been frequently made in the press that Schley "discovered" and "bottled up" Cervera in Santiago. He did nothing of the kind. Sampson knew on the 21st that Cervera was in Santiago, and so informed Schley. Schley knew it positively on the 24th, as, if Cervera was not at Cienfuegos, he must be at Santiago. Yet Schley did not blockade Santiago until the 28th, and would not have reached that port at all—would have abandoned the attempt—but for imperative orders. His collier broke down, and he made that an excuse. It was not material, as he had plenty of vessels to tow her.

Now to go back a few days. After sending Schley information on May 21 that Cervera was in Santiago, Admiral Sampson, with the *New York*, his only remaining battle-ship—the *Indiana*—and what Monitors and cruisers could be spared from the blockade, went eastward and occupied the old Bahama Channel, in order to catch Cervera should he attempt to get to Havana by the north side of Cuba. He had already been in Santiago long enough to coal his ships. Should he make a dash for Havana, it was necessary to guard both sides of the island. Sampson maintained daily communication through Key West—by means of despatch-boats—with the Navy Department, and with the large auxiliary cruisers scouting in the Windward Passage and off Santiago.

On May 26 the Admiral first became aware of Schley's dilatory action and delay in starting for Santiago, and at midnight on May 28 he learned that Schley had turned back and started for Key West to coal. At the time of the receipt of this startling news the *New York* was at Key West. The Admiral went at once, leaving at midnight on May 29, picked up the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and torpedo-boat *Porter* from the Havana blockade, and went to Santiago at a speed of thirteen knots, arriving there on the morning of June 1. I should have mentioned that before knowing that Schley intended to abandon the whole enterprise the Admiral had sent the *New Orleans*, on May 27, to join Schley, to strengthen his force, and to order him imperatively to blockade Santiago at all hazards. This, I think, effectively disposes of Schley's claim to have "discovered" and "bottled up" the Spanish fleet.

But there is another lie of recent publication, viz., that Schley wished to make a dash into the harbor, irrespective of the mines or batteries, and destroy Cervera's fleet. Schley had plenty of time to make a dash—plenty of opportunity to show audacity and contempt for mines and batteries—and, in fact, the situation at Santiago when he arrived was such as to invite prompt action; but he did not avail himself of his opportunity. Instead of showing contempt, he showed a very marked and unusual respect for the enemy's defences. The *Cristóbal Colon* and one of the armored cruisers—probably the *Maria Teresa*—were lying in plain sight about 1200 yards inside the harbor entrance, with no steam, and therefore powerless to move. The batteries, as was afterwards abundantly proved, were not powerful, and were easily silenced. They offered no material obstacle to a close bombardment, and there was no reason to believe in advance that they were any stronger than they proved to be. Schley held the situation in his hands. He had the powerful *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *New Orleans*, besides smaller vessels, and he finally made up his mind to attack. This he did at an initial range of *8000 or 9000 yards*, and increased this range to 11,000 yards. His fire was ineffective, and the *Iowa's* 12-inch mounts were injured by the strain of firing her guns at so great an elevation. There was nothing to prevent his going in to a range of 2000 yards from the ships and destroying them; and officers to whom I talked about the affair, after our arrival, were very indignant that he had not done so, and regarded the attack as a ridiculous one, and one that reflected discredit upon the navy.

The papers report Admiral Cervera as saying of this attack that he didn't know what was meant by it, in which he agreed with our own people. There was no danger of mines, which were all in the channel itself, within a thousand yards from the ships. Schley had his chance—a chance in which only ordinary pluck, enterprise, and a willingness to fight for an adequate object were needed—and he failed to improve it. So much for his "dash"!

I have now brought up the story to the time of Admiral Sampson's taking command in person off Santiago. From that moment he instituted a close blockade, which each week became more rigorous and difficult to evade. When we arrived on June 1 the moon was nearing its full, and for several nights it was so light that the harbor entrance could be plainly seen; but the dark nights soon came, and with them great danger that the enemy's ships might escape, or his torpedo-boats make an attack upon the fleet. To prevent this, the entrance to the port was illuminated by the battle-ships. Taking turns of two hours each, they stationed themselves in the prolongation of the axis of the narrow channel, and close to the Morro—frequently within a mile—and threw the powerful beams of their search-lights directly up the harbor entrance, illuminating it up to Punta Gordo, 1200 yards inside the Morro, so brightly that the movements of small boats could be detected. Pickets of steam-launches, small vessels, and torpedo-boats were placed at and near the harbor mouth, just clear of the search-light beam (so that they should not themselves be illuminated).

The stations of the large blockading vessels were drawn nearer the harbor entrance from time to time, until, after the landing of the army, the distance from the Morro for all ships at night was made two miles, and a battle-ship lay alongside the search-light ship, with her broadside trained on the channel, ready to fire on the instant. That these dispositions made Cervera's escape at night impossible is sustained by the testimony of the Spanish Admiral and his officers, and by the fact that daylight was deliberately chosen. That he could not get away in the daytime was sufficiently demonstrated by the disastrous result of his attempt. Sampson's organization and discipline destroyed Cervera's fleet. When his ships appeared, our own waiting vessels simply acted the part for which they had been preparing during the entire month of June.

In the fight itself the *New York* was left in the rear. The Admiral, in the execution of his duties, had gone to Siboney, directing all the other vessels to hold their positions. He was on his way to hold a conference with General Shafter, and when the Spanish flag-ship appeared in the channel, the *New York* was seven miles east of the Morro and four miles east of her blockading station, and although she turned back instantly and increased her speed as rapidly as possible, she could not get within range of the large Spanish ships before they were beached. She joined, however, in the chase of the *Cristóbal Colon*, and getting steam on all her boilers, was gaining rapidly on that vessel, and was only eight or ten miles from her when she surrendered. The flag-ship was therefore present, although not within range, and the whole fight and chase was under the eye of the commander-in-chief. Nor was the *New York* entirely out of the fighting, as she ran the fire of the shore batteries, which were doing all they could to aid the escape of the Spanish ships.

The Spaniards came out in column, and turned to the west, maintaining this formation. This removed all tactical difficulties, and made the task of each vessel a perfectly plain one—to close in, fight, and chase. This situation had been laid down by the Admiral in previous instructions, and the vessels needed no orders. The *Brooklyn*, Schley's flag-ship, had the westernmost blockading station, which gave her a great advantage in position at the beginning of the fight. She maintained this advantage in the chase, except with respect to the *Oregon*, which showed unusual speed, and which, after good fighting all along the line, forced the surrender of the *Cristóbal Colon*. With a blockading line eight miles long much depends, in these quick and speedy days of steam, on chance. Had the Spanish fleet turned to the eastward, the *New York* would have been in the lead of the fighting and chase, and the *Brooklyn* in the rear.

The impudent attempt on the part of Schley's friends to take from Sampson the glory for this achievement is probably unexampled in naval history. A commander-in-chief has always the credit for success and the responsibility for failures. A conspicuous illustration of this, and one to which attention naturally turns, is the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The feature of that battle was Nelson's brilliant manœuvre—not only his own inspiration and his own initiative, but executed in contravention of the commander-in-chief's signals, and which made of what otherwise might have been an inconclusive fight one of the great naval victories of the world. The fight has been for a hundred years analyzed and discussed to show Nelson's genius and greatness, and yet it has always been Sir John Jervis's battle, and he was made Earl St. Vincent for his great victory. In the battle of Santiago Schley took no initiative and exercised no leadership.

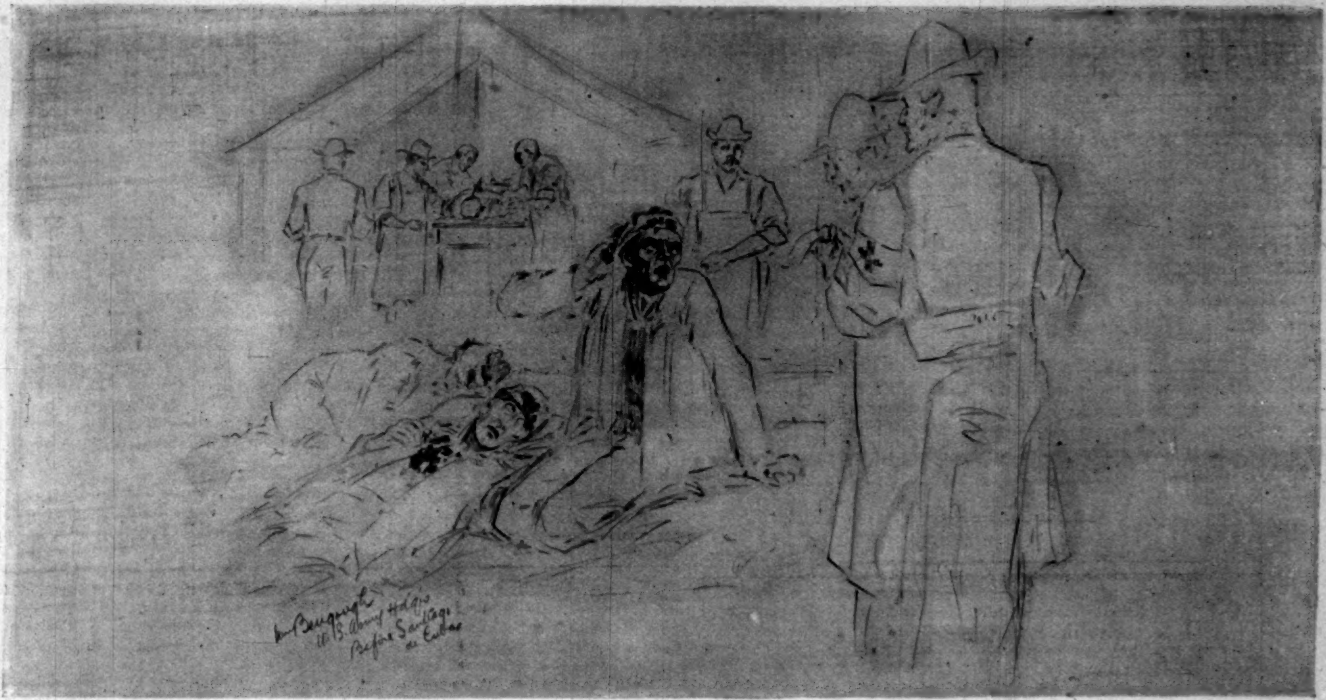
Very sincerely yours, —— ——

HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS.

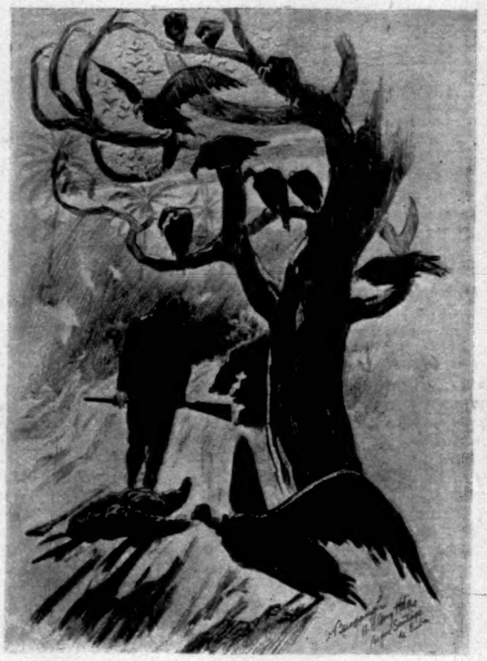
HONOLULU, July 20.

ONE week ago the steamer *Coptic* arrived with the long-expected news of the annexation of Hawaii. With flags, pennants, and streamers on every mast, the vessel that bore the longed-for tidings was descried far out at sea. The lookout on historic Diamond Head made out that signals were up. He telephoned the news to the city, and the steam-launch of the United States steamer *Mohican* was manned and put to sea. Miles away the message was read, "Hawaii is annexed!" American flags appeared, as if by magic, everywhere. Fire whistles shrieked, factory whistles joined in, and this ear-piercing tumult was punctuated by the deep boom of one hundred guns fired on the Executive grounds. Just as the news was confirmed, President Dole reached the wharf, his horse white with foam, as he had ridden at full gallop from his seaside home at Waikiki. Nearly all the members of his cabinet were there, with consuls and other prominent officials and members of the national guard.

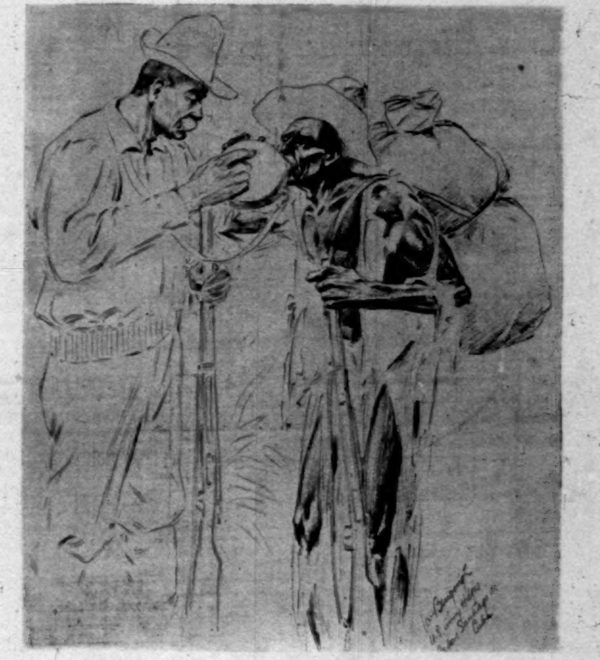
Then the great steamer came in, and the officers and passengers were cheered. Word was given, "To the Executive Building," and a volunteer procession moved up Fort Street, with a band at its head. When it reached the Executive grounds there was a scene of enthusiasm never surpassed in island history. Then in line the crowd marched three times round the building, cheering until it was hoarse. Minister Hatch's message to the government was read; the procession marched through all the principal streets, and a great show of fireworks closed the eventful day.


W. Bengough
U.S. Army Hdqrs
Before Santiago
de Cuba

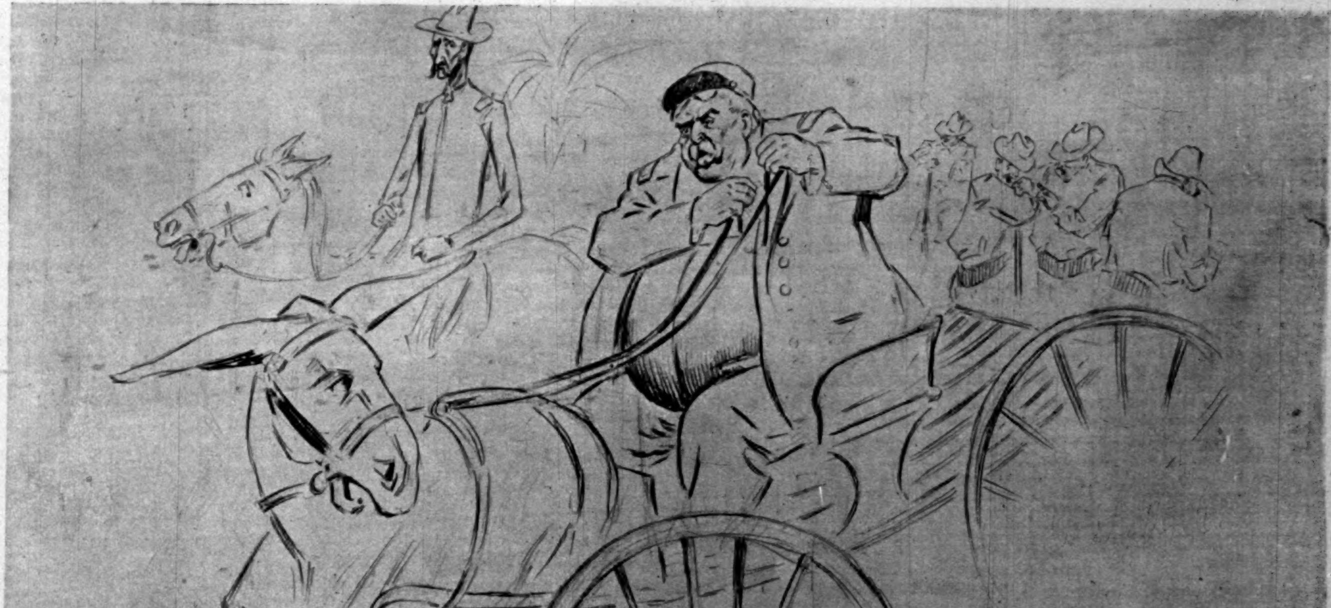
WOUNDED SPANISH PRISONERS—"YOU WON'T KILL US?"



"GLORY!"



"A CUP OF COLD WATER."


W. Bengough
U.S. Army Hdqrs
Before Santiago
de Cuba.

"ON, SHAFTER! ON!"

IMPRESSIONS OF SANTIAGO.
SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

LONDON.

July 23, 1898.

The present war marks the close of an epoch and the beginning of a fresh start in the affairs of the world, perhaps the most remarkable since the Peace of Paris, in 1763, left the English race in possession of an Indian and Colonial Empire and the command of the sea. It was in the year previous to the Peace of Paris that English expeditions had reduced both Cuba and Manila. The period of exclusive sea power which began in 1763 is likely to end in the present year. England enters upon a new phase. America is not likely to relax her efforts until she has become one of the two greatest sea powers in the world. The consequences of the Spanish-American war will therefore be even more serious for other countries, perhaps for England, than for Spain. The colonies of Spain have sapped her strength. Their loss may renew it. Spain has touched bottom. The sea power that America will now organize for herself is envied and feared by every power in Europe, except England. The German newspapers have become complete converts to the doctrine of sea power. The *National Zeitung* observes that "whoever has not the best and most powerful fleet need not enter into a struggle. He has lost the battle before he begins it." This is a confession equivalept to a declaration in the London *Times* in favor of conscription. Modern Germany was founded on the basis of military power as the one source of national strength. It is unlikely that the German dream of rivalling England or America at sea will ever be fulfilled. Still, British naval estimates, being calculated solely on the naval provisions of other countries, will be forced upwards by the German ambition for sea power. Russia contemplates the expenditure of $255,000,000 upon her fleet during the next seven years. Day and night the Neva ship-yards ring with the clang of the hammer-stroke on men-of-war for a country without colonies or a vulnerable coast-line

The Admiralty reply to the Russian naval programme was communicated to the House of Commons yesterday. Sanction was asked for the construction of four new battle-ships, four new cruisers, and twelve torpedo-boat-destroyers, the total cost of which will be $40,000,000, in addition to the $35,000,000 voted earlier in the year for the construction of new ships and the purchase of armaments and ammunition. In the present state of feeling M. Goschen could have obtained $500,000,000 for the asking. But men shake their heads and ask themselves whether the most irresistible navy is of any avail, until the foreign policy of the country is placed in stronger hands.

The French navy is the most powerful in the world next to our own. M. Lockroy, the new Minister of Marine, is an interesting personage. He is a man of pleasure, a bundle of nerves, a great cigarette-smoker, and a civilian. But he is a far abler Minister of Marine than his naval predecessor, Admiral Besnard. M. Lockroy enters office with wide schemes and an ambitious programme. He has already obtained the control of the coaling-stations, and a grant of $80,000,000 for the fortification of present and additional coaling-stations. Diego Suarez in Madagascar is potentially the strongest place in the Indian Ocean. It menaces the Cape route to India and China. It is to be made into a Gibraltar. Martinique is to be heavily armed and fortified. In addition to all this, M. Lockroy proposes to bring the French navy up to date in armaments and general equipment. Still, the possession and utilization of sea power are not obtainable by the process of counting ships any more than the counting of noses in politics produces the wisest and best administration. The personal equation is still the greatest factor in the problem. Captain Mahan, who, more than any one living, is responsible for the sea-hunger that gnaws the rulers of all nations, has been guided by the unerring instinct of genius. He predicted that the supremacy of personnel would be greater under the new conditions of sea-fighting than under the old. His foresight has been signally vindicated. The war has shown that although the genius of the Latin race may possibly continue while fighting behind fortifications, the genius of the "Anglo-Celtic" race (surely this is ethnographically the right word) is still for sea-fighting. If this be true, Russian, German, and French additions to their war-ships will leave to America and Britain the mastery of the sea. Pursuit of a common policy on the high seas should therefore be the aim of both countries.

On this ground the passage in the President's instructions for the government of the newly conquered province of Santiago, to the inhabitants of Cuba, which relates to the "open door" has given lively satisfaction in England. The passage referred to is as follows: "All ports and places in Cuba which are in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations as well as our own in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of importation." Anxiety has been felt, if not expressed, on this subject. It is now assumed that the two governments are substantially agreed on the fiscal policy to be pursued by each of them in the event of further territorial changes consequent on operations now in progress or which may hereafter be undertaken. As the policy of the "open door" is established by the United States at her very threshold, the adoption of the same principle in the Far East is looked on as removing any probable source of difference between the two nations, and materially to strengthen the tie that already exists between them.

The arrangements for the forth-coming campaign against the Khalifa are now completed. One battalion of the Guards now at Gibraltar is to take part in the advance, much to the delight of officers and men. Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, Sirdar Kitchener will command. General Grenfell, commanding the English troops in Egypt, is understood to have behaved with signal generosity and to have displayed great good feeling towards his colleague in command of the Egyptian army. General Kitchener has carved his way with his sword. He is a soldier, pure and simple, with little social influence, but endowed with a will that enables him to triumph over obstacles that would crush smaller men. It is owing to this iron will and his splendid qualities of leadership that he retains the supreme command in the advance on Khartoum. General Grenfell, it is understood, might have obtained it, but stood aside, as Outram stood aside when Havelock was on the point of entering Lucknow, and as General Miles in like manner abstained from taking over the command from General Shafter at Santiago. There is, however, no doubt that friction has occurred between the War Office authorities and General Kitchener. He has insisted on a free hand, and immunity from the civilian red tape which smothers, for the present, at all events, effective reform in the administration of the British army at home. At one period of the controversy the War Office was face to face with the possibility of Kitchener's resignation. The strong man had his way. There is now no position to which he may not rise, and if all goes well at Khartoum he may and probably will be commander-in-chief after General Roberts has served his term in that position.

There is a natural desire on the part of the royal family that the Duke of Connaught should be elevated to the supreme command of the army when a vacancy occurs. The advice of the great Duke of Wellington to the Queen is constantly quoted: "Madam, always keep the command of the army in your own family." There are, however, strong objections to the Duke of Connaught occupying that position. He is amiable, popular, and, by the consent of those who have served under him, a good soldier. But he is not of the stuff of which the master-minds of the world are built, and in the troubled times ahead of us it would be dangerous to the monarchy to associate in the public mind possible catastrophe with the appointment of a member of the royal family who is not marked out by nature for supreme responsibility. The Indian army and the Egyptian army are free from the control of the War Office, and hence success in the field is organized more cheaply and with greater certainty than is possible under the cumbrous forms of Pall Mall. Lord Wolseley, although popular with one section of the army, has disappointed the nation. He came into office as commander-in-chief with a great opportunity before him. The Duke of Cambridge, his predecessor, was the embodiment of military Toryism. Change, in the view of his Royal Highness, was an evil, and the consequence was perpetual refusal to adopt necessary modifications of the existing system, and hence the War Office to this day clings as far as it dare to the obsolete traditions of the earlier part of the century. The fierce criticism that pours upon the War Office begins, however, to take effect in such matters as recruiting and the comfort of the private soldier.

Government departments are now required to reserve two thousand posts annually which will for the future be bestowed upon soldiers only; 3800 ex-soldiers were taken on by the railway companies last year, and strong appeals are made to the other great employers of labor to follow their example. The soldier's life while still serving with the colors is happier and healthier than at any previous period of army history. Tommy Atkins is now quartered in well lit and well-ventilated barracks. Soldiers no longer sleep in the dark and stuffy places in which they used to be herded together. Canteens are well organized, and all the profits are spent for the advantage of the troops. Comfortable quarters are provided for the men permitted to marry. Recreation-rooms, gymnasia, and bath-rooms are luxuries to which the recruit of twenty years ago was a complete stranger. In many English villages the idea still survives that a lad who has enlisted for a soldier has gone to the bad. That idea is a survival of the time when the ranks of the army were filled from the jails, and when the conditions of the regimental life of our soldiers were inconsistent with common decency.

A new method of making the army attractive has been adopted by Lord Lansdowne with satisfactory results. Regiments returned from foreign service are sent for a march round the counties from which they derive their territorial name. The First Northumberland Fusileers—commonly known as the Fighting Fifth—for example, proceeded last week from Plymouth to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there commenced a march through the valleys and uplands of breezy Northumberland. The regiment had been absent from England for about eighteen years. The men were bronzed with an Indian sun, and their reception was quite extraordinary. Tens of thousands of people filled the streets, and the men were almost killed with kindness. Recruiting is greatly stimulated by these route marches. Victoria Cross men, who hitherto have only received $50 a year as a pension, are now to get $250 a year on winning the most coveted distinction in the British army. This grant will prevent the recurrence of the scandal of Victoria Cross men herding with paupers in the workhouse. The reform is one that should have been instituted long since.

Waddesdon Manor, the seat of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, where the Prince of Wales has met with an unfortunate accident in the fracture of his left kneecap, is a French château built on the top of what was a treeless hill. The Saturday to Monday parties at Waddesdon have almost attained the dimensions of a national institution, and invitations to take part in them are much sought after. Baron Ferdinand Rothschild belongs to the Austrian branch of the house, but is a naturalized English subject, and for many years has been member of Parliament for the Aylesbury division of Bucks. He takes no part in the business of the famous firm. The baron has devoted himself to history, art, politics, and society. He is a childless widower, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and is one of the few living subjects of the Queen who have had the honor of receiving her Majesty at their own house. The magnificence of Waddesdon reminds the visitor of Versailles, but the feature most striking to the imagination is the success with which great wealth combined with good taste has converted bare uplands into well-wooded slopes, avenues, and drives, interspersed with lawns and landscape-gardening of exquisite beauty. The flowers of Waddesdon are a sight to see and remember. Other show-places in England may have a larger acreage under glass. Chatsworth, Bowood, and Woburn Abbey are show-places that possess features of historic interest. Waddesdon is of this generation. Luxury is found there in its latest phase. Its owner, however, is a simple, kindly, and unpretending host, and is popular in all classes of society. Some years ago Baron Ferdinand Rothschild aspired to the representation of an East End constituency in Parliament. He never went to the poll, but his speeches to the working population of the Tower Hamlets won golden opinions. The Prince of Wales makes an annual visit to Waddesdon when the gardens are in the height of their beauty, and the accident which has just taken place is the only contretemps which has happened during a series of visits which now extends back for many years.

The accident to the Prince of Wales has produced a deep impression, especially as the serious character of the disaster was at first withheld or suppressed. Since the Prince's dangerous illness in 1871 no incident has so roused the sympathy of his future subjects. No less than fifteen folio pages of the visiting-book at Marlborough House were filled by the signatures of callers on the first day. The newspapers naturally deny that the accident is at all serious. It is to be hoped they are right. But, in spite of a cheerful disposition and a courageous spirit, the stamina of the Prince's constitution is not altogether satisfactory. It is understood that while there is no danger, the effect of enforced inaction excites apprehension. The Prince has already suffered from the veins of the same leg that is now injured. His health greatly depends on the annual visit to Homburg or Marienbad, and it is assumed that for this year, at all events, his Continental visit will be postponed.

The vast increase to the naval strength of the country is in sharp contrast with the weakness of its foreign policy. Discontent with Lord Salisbury is met with in all classes, except the party of Little-Englanders, whose champion, Mr. Labouchere, is not regarded even by himself as a serious politician. Tories of the City of London, moneyed men with old-established interests, talk mutinously against the Prime Minister. Any change, they say, would be for the better, even a Radical ministry. Lord Salisbury is a tired Titan. His life is shadowed with grief. Lady Salisbury has undergone a fresh surgical operation for the relief of the disease from which she is suffering, and it is known that sorrow for his wife's illness saddens and dispirits the Prime Minister. One rarely hears a good word in this country for the Foreign Secretary. Lord Cromer, however, the ruler of Egypt, who is designated by many persons as the best possible successor to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, by no means holds the depreciatory view prevalent in England. Lord Cromer has written to more than one of his friends, enjoining them "on no account to lose confidence in Lord Salisbury." Furthermore, there is good reason for believing that the Prime Minister is not altogether his own master. The participation in affairs by the Queen herself is no mere form. Her Majesty's obstinate resolve to sanction no step likely to bring the country into collision with European powers reminds on-lookers of the chief characteristic of her grandfather, George III. Foreign powers are not ignorant of the Queen's determination to disallow all measures tending towards a rupture of the peace. Although the newspapers and Parliament are necessarily silent on this subject, information from sources beyond suspicion has reached me that much of what is justly regarded as weakness in British foreign policy is not fairly to be attributed to the vacillation of the Prime Minister. The refusal of the Foreign Office to speak out frankly about Egypt is a case in point.

Rearrangement of the Foreign Office is inevitable. It is the mouth-piece of a great Asiatic power, but there is no Asiatic Department. African questions are dealt with piecemeal, and on no settled principles. An attempt to remedy this latter defect is being made by the creation of a new Under-Secretaryship of State. Mr. Martin Gosselin, now secretary to the embassy in Paris, is nominated for the appointment. In some quarters the African Under-Secretaryship is regarded as a slap in the face for Mr. Chamberlain. There is no truth in the statement, as Mr. Chamberlain's jurisdiction over the British colonies in Africa is determined by Parliament. Moreover, Lord Salisbury is not the man to smite a colleague by an underhand blow, while Mr. Chamberlain is not the type of statesman who meekly accepts a rebuff of the kind.

No play during the present year has attracted so much attention from literary men as M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," produced on the Lyceum stage. It had an immense success at the Porte Saint-Martin Théâtre in Paris. No less than 80,000 people are alleged to have seen it in the French capital. M. Coquelin's spirited acting in the title rôle is the perfection of dramatic art, and the consequence is that M. Rostand, like Aaron, has struck the rock of popular approbation. At the present time it gushes forth, bubbling, rushing, overwhelming, with only a few whispers of doubt raised by one or two level-headed and non-emotional critics. The play is declared in the superlative degree to be noble in conception, beautiful in execution, supremely great in language, in music, in imagery, and in versification. To read the play it is difficult to understand the cause of the popular clamor. If "Cyrano" is really a masterpiece of imaginative literature, and an addition to the great poems of the world, it is evident that Dante, Goethe, Corneille, Shakespeare, and Milton must squeeze up a little higher and make a nook for Rostand among the immortals.

It is not in accordance with the history of works of genius that the popular voice has instantly appreciated their value, and acclaimed their authors as possessing the sacred fire. The multitude has hitherto required about a century before fully appreciating a masterpiece. A few nights' performance at the Lyceum, with a few thousand copies of "Cyrano de Bergerac" distributed among the reading public, seem to be looked on by the critics as sufficient to have raised M. Rostand's play to the level of the highest. "Cyrano" is certainly a good stage play, delivered in felicitous and musical verse. It is smooth and easy, good and glib, effective verse, but bears the same relation to literature as the best theatrical scenery to Velasquez or Burne-Jones. The dialogue, the love interest, the situations, and the climax make it a good melodrama, but it is neither "inspired" nor "magnificent," and it owes its success to a good and symmetrical plot, to the prettiness of its fancy, and to the wide range of interest covered by a pure and charming play that is, in fact, the sign of a wholesome reaction against the garbage that has been too long foisted upon the world as the typical French play.

Arnold White.

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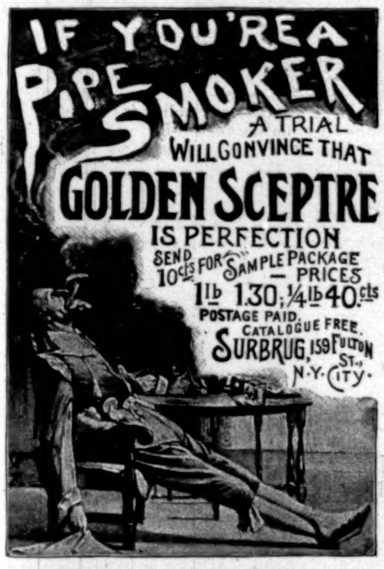

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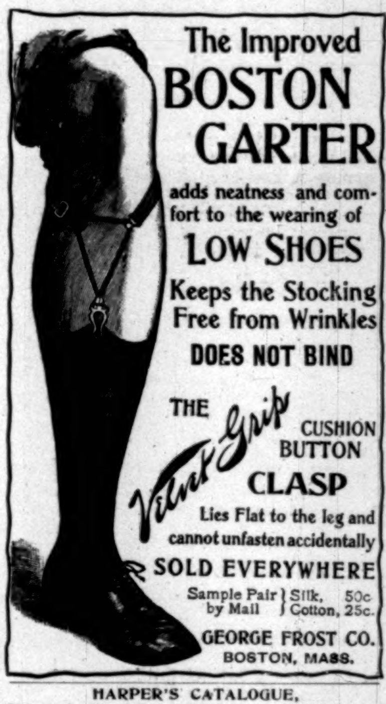

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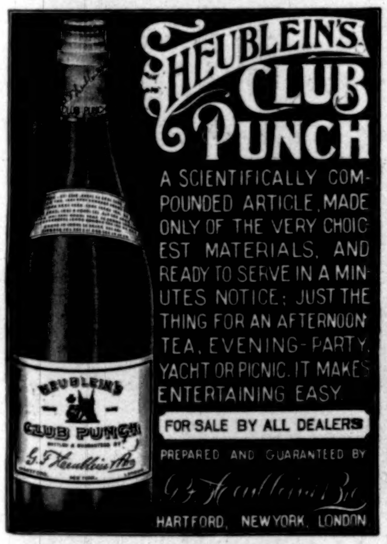

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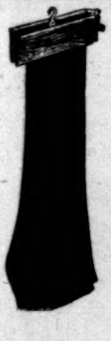

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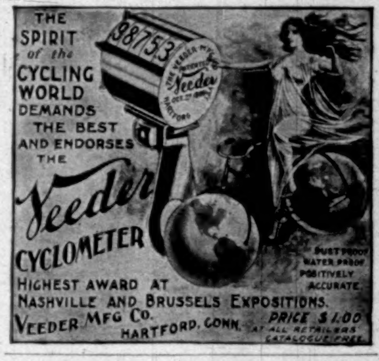

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